THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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By Lloyd Osbourne

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The Breaking-in of Quincy Bolivar

BY GEORGE ADE

"SHOUTED AFTER HIM, "HOORAY FOR BOLIVAR, AND A ROPE TO HANG HIM"

QUINCY BOLIVAR always felt that he had been cut out for a political career. He had the name, to begin with. The Honorable Quincy Bolivar, Congressman—how the name balances the title!

Even as a gangling country boy, attending school No. 8 in Purvis Township, he had felt the oratory surging within him. At Friday afternoon debates he put to rout the stolid farm hands pitted against him. In Purvis Township it was frequently said that Quincy had "the gift of gab" and that the farm would never hold him. Full many a good plowman is spoiled in the making of a second-rate lawyer, but in the case of Quincy there was no mistaking the signboard of destiny. He had no natural love for horses and no enthusiasm for the hay-field. He wore white shirts right in the middle of the week and wrote for the country paper when he should have been repairing fences.

Therefore it was agreed that Quincy's only hope lay either in the pulpit or at the bar. His mother rather favored the pulpit, although several friends of her late husband had advised her that there was no money in preaching. Quincy wanted to be a lawyer, because the law is next door to politics.

Long before he went away to attend Atwater College he had made special trips to Musselwhite, and there in the old courthouse he had sat with his chin resting on the wooden rail that divided the humble public from the glorious lights of the legal profession, listening to the impassioned appeals made by Tom Gridley, Bill Catterson and Eli Bilcote. He hoped that some day he should be on the other side of that railing. He wanted to sit there with the Gridleys and Cattersons and have open law-books at his right hand. He wanted to pace up and down in front of those twelve solemn farmers and sweep away their stubborn unbelief with the fury of eloquence, as he had seen Tom Gridley do it. He wanted to sit, calm and Gibraltarish, smiling in hard disdain at the shrieking attacks of opposing counsel, as he had seen Bill Catterson do it. And he longed to acquire that defiant and resonant tone with which Eli Bilcote hurled his objections at old Judge Blakely.

After each visit to the courtroom he went back to the farm with a hungering ambition to give up manual labor, go out into the waiting world and talk his way to fame. So Mrs. Bolivar yielded to his importunities and he went away to Atwater College. He matriculated on a Thursday and joined the Demosthenean Literary and Debating Club next day. Before the close of his first term he was known on the campus as "Fog-Horn" Bolivar, but even those who derided his vocal exertions admitted that probably he would be a great success in politics.

For the purposes of this narrative it is not necessary to follow him through college. Let it be known that he entered Atwater in a suit of store clothes, wearing a low soft hat with a buckle on one side. He came home with a "Prince Albert" costume and a silk hat, both of which he soon laid away in order to tranquilize the agricultural vote and bring himself into closer communion with those fellow-citizens whom he hoped to represent in Congress. During his senior year Quincy Bolivar won second prize at the State oratorical contest. He lost first place only by a split of one per cent. in the markings of the judges. It will be forever set down that one of the judges was unduly prejudiced in favor of the winning college because his nephew was a student there. But even a second prize in such a mighty contest is no mean glory. Quincy Bolivar brought home a large prestige and already the expectations began to cluster about him.

He visited his mother in Purvis Township and then he said good-by to the growing crops, without the slightest note of regret in his voice, and settled in Musselwhite, where he began the study of law in the office of Tom Gridley. Within an incredibly short time he was admitted to the bar. When at last he moved beyond the railing and sat among the giants he discovered that they were not such towering giants, after all. Distance lends enchantment to lawyers. When Quincy Bolivar was admitted to that close fraternity the members of which fight one another in public and lovingly swap anecdotes in private, he began to find out the weaknesses and shortcomings of Catterson, Bilcote and even the redoubtable Gridley. They were self-made lawyers, who relied upon vociferation rather than upon any accurate knowledge of law or the rules of rhetoric. They were meant for Musselwhite but not for Washington. Quincy Bolivar found it impossible to look up to them. He met them boldly and in the proud consciousness that his association with them was merely an incident of his rising career.

Quincy Bolivar wore a broad hat and permitted a careless forelock to hang down his forehead. Usually his vest was buttoned only half way up and the expanse of shirt front was immaculate. He did not adopt the story-telling and shoulder-slapping methods of the rural "mixer." The shoulder-slapper may be elected to the county board and sometimes he breaks into the legislature, but the would-be Congressman must wear that gentle reserve, nye, even the meditative melancholy suggested by the steel engravings of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. Therefore, on a Saturday afternoon when the farm wagons and side-bar buggies made a continuous fringe around the courthouse square and the boardwalks were cluttered with the free and independent voters of the back townships, and Quincy Bolivar moved from group to group, quietly laying foundations, his salutation was grave, even though his hand-grasp was warm.

AND HE LOOKED HIS FELLOW-MAN STRAIGHT IN THE EYE

HE HAD SAT WITH HIS CHIN RESTING ON THE WOODEN RAIL

His "How do you do, sir?" was clear-cut and sonorous, and he looked his fellow-man straight in the eye. Those who were honored by his civilities watched him as he passed and agreed that he was the rising orb of Musselwhite.

He first distinguished himself on Memorial Day. The town hall, known on occasions as the "opera house," was packed. Quincy Bolivar came to the table in the centre of the rostrum. He took a drink of water and gazed pensively at the assemblage for many seconds without speaking. Yet there was something in the calm self-possession of his bearing to indicate that the pause was not one of indecision. One secret of the art of acting is to learn the value of the pause. He began quietly, almost inaudibly. He spoke of a pastoral landscape with a white cottage nestling in the foreground, vines growing above the doorway, the kine coming homeward in the twilight, and the voices of happy children. Into this happy abode came war's loud alarum. Quincy Bolivar drew the picture of the young husband and the weeping wife and the last embrace at the rustic gate and the marching away of the volunteers to the rattle of drums and the martial sound of fifing. He drew aside the curtain and showed the bivouac in the moonlight and the man in tattered uniform—sleeping, and dreaming of the loved ones. He raised his hand and said "Hark!"—and his listeners heard the sullen rumble of distant artillery and the tense commands running along the lines and coming nearer and nearer, in dramatic crescendo. They saw the impetuous line of gray sweep across the open. They heard the crash of volleys—they saw the battle-flags topple and fall and rise again, and they were carried on into the hell of battle, while the maddened cheers rang in their ears. They saw a haggard soldier boy, his features set in dismay, kneel beside a fallen comrade and hear that last gasping message, while darkness fell upon the battlefield. And then he told of a grassy mound on a sun-kissed hill—little children and gray-haired women coming with flowers, and the old flag rippling in the breeze with not one star missing from the field of blue—a glorious banner lifted high, to wave forevermore above a happy and reunited people.

When Quincy Bolivar sat down that Memorial Day he knew that he had captured Musselwhite. Among all the faces lifted toward him he saw only one—a face flushed with pride and triumph, even though the eyes glistened with tears. At that moment a prophetic vision came to him. It was a vision of the Honorable Quincy Bolivar arising in his place, while all the Congressmen squared around to listen, and there in the gallery Mary Harland leaned forward to hear her husband's first speech in the National Legislature.

Grover Cleveland began as sheriff. Why should not Quincy Bolivar begin as State's attorney? The nomination sought him.

Two days after the convention he and Tom Gridley sat in the law office, looking out through the open windows at the swaying maples of the courthouse grove.

"I have one satisfaction," said the candidate reflectively. "It will be a clean campaign. Catterson and I are personal

friends. Let the voters choose between us. Fortunately, I have no record to be misconstrued and attacked. The worst thing that they can say about me is that I am young and inexperienced. But I don't believe Hicks will open up on me. We've served together as officers of the lodge, and, besides, I used to send in items for the paper when I lived out in Purvis Township."

Tom Gridley, with an unlighted cigar tucked away back in the corner of his mouth, nodded his head and smiled grimly.

"'Man cometh up as a flower,'" he said. "'He cometh up as a flower.' Then he gets into politics and finds out that he is a Canadian thistle. You may not have any past just now, but you will have one in less than a month. Hicks is the editor of a party organ, and if his grandmother ran for something on the opposition ticket I'm inclined to think that he would investigate the old lady and discover that she was a criminal character. All's fair in love, war and politics. Hicks can meet you fraternally in the lodge-room on Thursday evening and then lambast you in the paper next day. And what's so darned annoying about these campaign lies is that they always have the affidavits to back them up. You are young and purty and just out of college, but you'll get it, and get it good, Quincy. If you don't you'll be the first man that ever run for office in Jefferson County and come out with a whole scalp."

It happened that even as they were talking the Liscomb boy, who was reading law in the office, came in with a copy of the Musselwhite Leader, still damp from the press.

"Now you'll find out what Brother Hicks thinks of you," said Tom Gridley. "Turn to the editorial section an' read it, an' look pleasant."

Quincy found the article. It was headed, "Veal or Brains—Which?" and it proceeded to put some straightforward questions to the patriotic and thoughtful voters of Jefferson County. It asked these voters what manner of man they wanted for State's attorney—a learned and experienced lawyer with a record as spotless as newly-fallen snow, or a gabby young whipper-snapper who wore a tall collar and whose only stock in trade was an unlimited supply of east wind. In language the portent of which could not be mistaken, the Leader went on to say that never in the history of Jefferson County had there been a more amazing contrast than the one between the towering intellect of Catterson and the obstreperous imbecility of the squirt who had been torn from the nursing-bottle and laid, a squawling sacrifice, on the altar of political necessity.

"Read it out loud," said Tom Gridley, and Quincy read it in a voice tremulous with rage, while the old wheel-horse teetered in his chair and guffawed from unalloyed enjoyment.

"That ain't bad—for an opening shot," he said. "Of course, in a couple of months, when the campaign's thoroughly warmed up and they begin to deal in personalities, you'll get it a good deal worse'n that. At the same time, it's purty fair, for a curtain-raiser. Catterson ought to have been an editor."

"Catterson!"

"Certainly—he wrote it. He's been usin' that 'sacrifice on the altar of political necessity' for twenty years. The best way to set yourself right before the public is to write your own recommendations. You wait and see what I say about Catterson in the Star. If I don't make him out a horse-thief an' a child-murderer it'll be because there ain't enough language left in the dictionary. But don't lose your temper, Quincy. Remember that every candidate is a target, an' the more bricks they throw at him the madder it makes his friends an' the harder they'll work for him. I figure that this is going to be an active campaign."

"Active" is a poor and insufficient adjective with which to describe the battle that raged between the forces of Catterson and the devoted followers of Bolivar. Within two weeks the neophyte learned that he was a feeble-minded figurehead, whose criminal instincts were rendered harmless only by the fact that he had not sufficient mentality to put his base plans into operation. Little boys on the street—boys who had been in his Sunday-school class—shouted after him, "Hooray for Bolivar, and a rope to hang him!" Men with whom he had hobnobbed on the corners began to look at him with scowling suspicion, for he was daily accused of being an enemy to labor, a religious heretic, a tool of the county ring, and a secret agent of the saloon interests. He rode hither and thither, shouting his defiance in country schoolhouses until his voice wore to a husky whisper and he was gaunted up and wild-eyed. Through it all he guarded every act and utterance so that no mistake could arise from the past and smite him when finally he had received that nomination for Congress.

His real breaking-in as a politician came three weeks before election. Let those who are free from Congressional ambitions sit in judgment on his conduct. The facts shall tell for themselves.

The Catterson party raised a liberty pole in Musselwhite. Two hickory trunks, spliced to a prodigious length, were up-ended at one corner of the courthouse square to an accompaniment of beating drums and loud cheering. Catterson made a speech in which he called Bolivar all the names that he had neglected calling him up to that time. It was the star effort of the Catterson campaign and a crimson Saturday for Musselwhite, attracting the outside townships and making the whole afternoon one orgy of martial music, exploding popcorn, cracking peanuts and gushing lemonade.

Among those who listened to Catterson's verbal evisceration of the odious Bolivar were five free voters from Purvis Township. They had known Quincy Bolivar ever since he had been knee-high to a duck. They were for him, not in any tentative spirit, but "for keeps," as they put it. Therefore, when they heard him ridiculed and denounced and held up to the scorn of all honest men and good women, a righteous anger filled them and they went to the Atlas bar and tried to cool their wrath with bottled beer.

The attack upon Quincy Bolivar was an indirect insult to Purvis Township and they longed for vengeance—a longing which became more intense as the evening lengthened and the discussion of their wrongs became more heated. One of them proposed the tarring and feathering of Catterson. This plan was abandoned, owing to the lateness of the hour and the probable difficulties to be encountered.

"I'll tell you what we kin do," said Cale Tilford. "Let's go an' chop down the liberty pole."

HE WENT DOWN AND MET HIS LOYAL SUPPORTERS

At eleven P. M. Quincy Bolivar was in his room at Mrs. Buford's boarding-house preparing a dignified reply to Catterson's undignified speech of the afternoon, when he heard the rattle of pebbles on his window and saw five men, in white hats, clustered in the moonlight. He went down and met his loyal supporters. They had stolen an ax from the rear of Wooderson's ice-cream parlor and restaurant for farmers, and they were on their way to chop down the liberty pole and thereby right the wrongs of one whom they loved, even as a brother. They wanted "Quince" to go along and participate in the performance. He entreated them to return the ax, hook up and drive home. He said that all the troubled issues of the campaign should be referred to the sober judgment of the voters. They shook hands with him and told him he was right. Then they went down to the courthouse square and attacked the pole, which fell across Main Street and demolished the wooden awning in front of Gunnison's hardware store.

Next day, when the infuriated Cattersonites were investigating what they termed a "hellish outrage," a disinterested witness, one Link Saulsbury, came forward with the information that he had passed Mrs. Buford's boarding-house about eleven o'clock, that he saw Quincy Bolivar in company with five other men, that one of the men had an ax, and that he distinctly heard talk in regard to chopping down the pole. Quincy Bolivar, righteous candidate, and Tom Gridley, practical politician, sat in the office and discussed the new and threatening issue.

"The boys did come after me and I thought I had talked them out of it," said Quincy. "There's only one thing for me to do. I'll come out and tell the truth."

"And lose Purvis Township," added Tom. "Rule number one in a campaign is to stick up for those who are with you. If you tell the truth you'll indict the bulwark of our support in Purvis Township and go down in history as the man who went back on his friends. And besides, the opposition won't believe you. In politics, when you get cornered, there's only one thing to do and that's the 'silent contempt' game. Come out and say that you will not insult the intelligence of the good people of this community by stooping to deny such a damnable calumny. Besides, I know a man who is going to make affidavit that Catterson's men cut down that pole so as to get sympathy."

On election night, when Quincy Bolivar checked up the townships and saw a slender majority of forty, he heaved a sigh of relief and said: "That liberty-pole business came mighty near beating me. It would have—only for Purvis Township. It's sure to come up against me when I run again."

"Remember what I told you," said Gridley. "Silent contempt."

The Doom of the Giant Redwood

AFTER defying countless vicissitudes during from ten to forty centuries, the oldest living things on the planet, the California Big Tree (*Sequoia sempervirens*), the Pinus ponderosus and the Pinus Lambertiana are in many instances succumbing to the depredations of an insignificant caterpillar. This tiny insect is called the *sequoia aegerinian*, and is related to the common peach-tree borer. Some malign instinct seems to have taught this worm that the vulnerable spot in these mighty trees is the axils of the branches. The sinking of his tunnels there diverts the flow of sap: a formation of resinous nodules follows, which effectively check the circulation of the tree's life-fluid. The unnourished limb then dies, and at last the tree itself is slain by its pygmy enemies.

In the smaller groves the ravages of the insect may be averted by digging the larvæ out with knives, but no practical remedy has been devised for safeguarding the larger forests. The subject is engaging the attention of expert foresters.

Another factor which threatens the existence of these famous redwoods is the growing recognition of their timber value. On account of antiseptic properties in the wood, no species of decay-producing fungi has ever been found in the timber. Giant trees up-rooted 500 years ago and which through the ensuing centuries have lain where they fell, exposed to all the elements that cause decay, have been found to be absolutely sound and have been shipped to the sawmills and converted into lumber. This antiseptic character of the redwood is causing a growing demand for the timber in general construction, and particularly for the walling of tunnels. Moreover, the discovery made by Captain Ahern in the Philippines that California redwood was not subject to the depredations of white ants or termites has created a great demand for this wood in the Archipelago, where only a few of the native woods, and those of the most valuable varieties, are immune from the ravages of these formidable insects.

Hitherto the market for redwood has been confined largely to Pacific Coast cities where its commercial value was known. Shingles made of redwood last nearly half a century. The wood is devoid of resin, which gives it great resistance to fire, and is therefore in demand for building purposes, particularly in San Francisco. One secret of the vast age attained by redwood forests is that its bark is fireproof. Fires have repeatedly raged in redwood forests, managing to destroy the young trees, but unable to penetrate the asbestos-like sheathing of the monarchs.

Now that the trade in redwood is growing, that occasional cargoes are shipped to Australia, Honolulu, the Philippines, and other parts of the Orient, and that dealers in the eastern part of the United States are sending in orders for the timber, naturalists interested in preserving these trees are making efforts to introduce better methods of lumbering. At present twenty-five per cent. of the timber is destroyed in felling the trees, and the custom of totally denuding the forest areas, leaving bare ridges to be worn down by winter torrents, has prevented a second growth from either saplings or seeds.

It is the purpose of the foresters at work in California to urge that the young redwoods be left standing for future cutting. Freed from the shade of the large trees they grow with remarkable rapidity. Trees that have increased scarcely any in diameter in one hundred years have started up like saplings when overshadowing monarchs have been removed. The forests are so dense that the present methods of lumbering frequently crush and utterly destroy far more timber than is taken out.

One thing that has helped to avert the annihilation of the biggest trees at the hands of ruthless commerce is that in falling it not infrequently happens that a forest giant's prodigious weight causes it to be totally pulverized. Foresters have witnessed instances of a big tree failing to yield an available foot of timber, so complete was its destruction in falling. Furthermore, the wood fibres having been formed under different rates of growth during the centuries of the tree's life, the grain of the successive concentric zones is not in proportion. A condition of such tension is thus produced that sometimes, even when the timber has withstood the shock of the fall, logs when sawed split with a thunderous sound.

These facts have assisted the efforts made to protect the big trees, and some of the owners of groves, who purchased the tracts for lumbering purposes, will, it is believed, hold the areas of the biggest trees until public sentiment causes them to be purchased for State or National parks.

A TRUST OF TRUSTS

By David Graham Phillips

HOW THE MINORITY INTEREST IS MADE A STALKING-HORSE FOR HOLD-UP MEN, STRIKERS AND BLACKMAILERS

A YEAR ago last February half a dozen from among the principal figures in the present movement toward transportation and industrial and financial "combines" happened to be lunching together one day—a leisure hour snatched from the wild scramble of Wall Street's short morning and shorter afternoon. The conversation turned upon a suit a small stockholder in one of the "combines" had just brought against it. He was urging that by a certain contemplated move of the all-powerful "inside ring" his rights as a stockholder were being trampled, or at least put in jeopardy.

"We're just trying to find out how much of an 'inducement' he wants to make him drop the suit," said a director in that particular "combine." "He has a hundred shares—bought 'em just to enable him to get standing in court for this raid on us. They're worth about $13,000 market value. I suppose we may have to pay him $50,000 or $60,000 for them."

"But why?" inquired the one man present who wasn't in a "combine."

"Oh, to save trouble. We want to make our move and make it right away—it means big money to us. He can drag the suit along and delay us a year—perhaps two years. It's cheaper to buy him off than to fight him. And he knows it, the blackmailing scoundrel!"

"But I should think if this were generally known you'd bankrupt yourselves, settling with such fellows—with strikers and blackmailers."

"It *is* getting pretty bad," admitted the director.

"Last year we paid one chap over $300,000 for shares worth about $40,000," said a director in another "combine." "He's a big lawyer. About ten years ago there was a howl against a certain corporation and he, in good faith, or only for popularity, brought suit against it in the name of a small stockholder, to compel it to do the very expensive but not unreasonable thing the public was demanding. The corporation 'settled' for a considerable sum. That gave him his taste of blood. He has learned how eager the big corporations are for peace and how much money he can get by merely threatening them with war. He now makes it his principal business to put forward a dummy client who has bought from ten to a thousand shares, and through him to compel this corporation to stand and deliver. If the corporation is in a hurry, even though it has, or probably has, perfect legal right to do what his client pretends to object to, he makes it take his client's shares at a big figure—and adds on enormous 'counsel fees.'"

"And," broke in a representative of another kind of "combine," "if he discovers a case where the corporation doesn't want its conduct aired or is unwilling that the legal points involved should be passed upon and settled by the courts, his collection is something huge. No wonder he's a millionaire and spending money like water all the time."

"We've got to make a stand some time, I suppose," said the first director. "He's putting up a job now that looks like a grab for a million or so."

"Why not make our stand now—right away?" demanded the second director.

The others looked somewhat doubtful. To make a stand when one has a clear case of right, with law and public sentiment on one's side, is all well enough—though even there the long delay inevitable in litigation would be costly. But how about it where the law is doubtful or, worse still, dead against one? There was a long and animated discussion.

The Evolution of the Striker

USUALLY, when a "combine" organizes a new policy all of the interests that are "worth considering" are consulted and placated. The little fellows meekly accept whatever may be given to them by the big fellows or are "squeezed out"—if they do not take the hint and drop out of their own accord. No matter how seriously their rights may be infringed, they never think of combating the arrogant "inside ring" that controls all the machinery and all the wealth of the corporation. They know that lawyers cost money, that good lawyers cost hundreds of dollars a day; that it is almost as expensive to win as to lose a suit against a corporation; that either way it is ruin for any but the rich. So whenever a small stockholder engages good lawyers and brings suit to prevent a new departure in policy—a purchase, or a conversion, or a bond issue—the assumption is that he is what corporations call a "striker" or a "blackmailer." If not, why should he go to law, when going to law means no possible gain to him unless it be a gain to establish, or to try to establish, an abstract principle at the cost of impoverishment?

People with old-fashioned ethical ideas might pause just here and inquire: If the corporation dare not let the courts pass upon its conduct, how are its directors any better morally than the man who seeks to profit by their insolent and unlawful greediness? The answer to this disquieting question is twofold. First, the corporation is not always in the wrong, but is often simply in a hurry, and so buys up the "blackmailer" because purchase is the cheapest and most expeditious course, and hates him because he is using the courts maliciously to obstruct the corporation's progress. Doing evil that good may come is an old-established, highly respected canon of morals—respected by none more than by corporations. Second, where the corporation fears the searchlight of the court, or does not wish to have the legality of certain modes of procedure tested, the difference between "striker" and "struck" is one of those delicate points in Wall Street ethics which a Wall Street man can see with perfect clearness—though he cannot always make an outsider see it.

But to return. Soon after their discussion at luncheon and their resolve to end blackmail, these great men of Wall Street sent a committee to certain eminent lawyers, and the lawyers put the new policy into legal shape in this fashion:

First: fight everybody who brings suit. Go into his private affairs as deeply as may be and publicly show, or try to show, that he has no real interest in the corporation, that he bought his shares merely for purposes of blackmail, that he is conspiring to injure the corporation and to use the courts for improper purposes.

Second: fight every suit, regardless of the real or apparent intent of the suer, as long as possible, and boldly and publicly assume that it is the suit of a "striker" and stock-jobber.

Third: make litigation as expensive as possible.

To the second clause there is one exception. When a suer has a clear record and a clear case and exposure in court would be dangerous, compromise! But this exception rarely arises. It has not arisen since the new departure was made. At least, if it has the fact has not become public. The reason why compromise may have been rarely necessary has already been stated—all "considerable" interests are consulted and placated before a new policy is definitely inaugurated. But of the other kinds of cases—defense of suits brought by negligible minority-holders—there have been many, all of them sensational.

The chief interest in the above recital of facts is that it is the first published account of the move that has led to these sensational suits—indeed, the first news that these suits are the outcome of a definite, concerted, carefully-organized policy. And the first large "striker" who was caught in the new net was none other than the lawyer who has profited so hugely by his discovery of the exceeding, even wormlike, peaceableness of corporations, and how to exploit it.

The Aggressive Defense of the Trust of Trusts

AMONG the men who have thus combined in this new and curious kind of trust are men who personally detest each other and were a few years ago doing everything in their power to injure one another—and still strive to overreach and out-general one another.

As was pointed out above, usually the bringing of a suit by a small stockholder is on the face of it suspicious. It would not be so in England, where a man will fight a railway single-handed for years, and at an expense of thousands of pounds, to recover a shilling wrongfully exacted from him for a ticket. But in this land of the easy-going, principle-be-hanged-if-its-going-to-ruin-me-to-vindicate-it human being, the man who thinks he's wronged in a small way doesn't often go to law with a colossus—unless he has planned a raid. If the object of this new "trust of trusts" were simply to prosecute blackmailing delayers of legitimate enterprise, its existence would be something to commend in a paragraph before passing on to more interesting matters. But the object is far wider than that. And the methods by which the object is pursued are often relentless to the point of constituting a crime in itself equal to the alleged intended crime of the "striker."

It has given such tremendous public demonstrations of its power and its ruthlessness that hardy indeed would be the small stockholder who, however oppressed, would bring suit against his titanic corporate oppressor. He knows that the filing of the papers would be the signal for the descent of a swarm of spies and shadowers, for a prying search into every part of his private affairs, for the lining up of all the forces at the command of literally billions of capital to assault and to demolish him. One of the organizers, if not the originator, of the new trust is a director in a company which, at a secret meeting of its board of directors a few months ago, resolved on a line of policy which, when publicly announced, would cause the stock to drop at least ten dollars, perhaps thirty dollars, a share. Here was a rare chance for "insiders" to make money by "unloading." The stock began to go up under sly manipulation of the market and the rumor bureau, and this particular director advised all his acquaintances, including several friends who had the right to think themselves his intimates, that they "couldn't do better than buy——. It's going to go up." And it did presently go up, so great was the pressure to buy on the strength of this widely distributed "friendly tip." Then—the director above mentioned and other real "insiders" having "unloaded" on their acquaintances and the gulled public—the new policy was announced. Down went the stock. And the deceived acquaintances and "friends" of the director lost tens, perhaps hundreds, of thousands of dollars.

A Wall Street "light" to whom the writer related this incident said by way of conscientious comment: "Clever, wasn't it? He couldn't have thought of a better scheme for putting the stock up where he could unload at a big profit than to tip those known to be his friends that it was a good time to buy. And he taught 'em a mighty valuable lesson—not to gamble in Wall Street."

"But they were his friends."

"I suppose you'd have had him tip 'em to sell. Then where would his profits have come from, with everybody selling and the price going down?"

Fighting the Devil with Fire

WAIVING this interesting ethical dilemma there remains the main question: Is it likely that men of the stripe of so many of the prime movers in the new trust are going to use this concentrated power only to good ends? Is not a bad man, in his enthusiasm for a good cause, liable to relapse into his former errors of moral judgment and confuse good causes and bad, honest methods with rascally ones? Is not a temperate and partially reformed devil's disciple a dangerous person to trust in fighting the devil with fire?

It is one thing for a small private stockholder to bring suit; it is vastly different when the trust in which the biggest trusts are, or ought to be, mere small stockholders—the trust of wealth and power formed by 80,000,000 Americans—brings an exactly similar suit. When the Attorney-General began Wall Street did not believe he was in earnest. It denounced him and the President for "playing politics" with "big interests." As the evidence has accumulated that the President was really in earnest, Wall Street's fury has risen, and its organs are raging against him—some by the attack direct, others—and they are the most dangerous—by the insidious attack of apparently innocent enthusiasm for him. These organs first allege that he is doing something or other which the public would not approve if it were true; then they either praise him extravagantly for this alleged act or sorrowfully reproach him in the tone of a grieved best friend. And the public is doubly fooled—fooled into believing the President has done something he never dreamed of doing; fooled into believing the Wall Street organs are in sympathy with him and rejoice in his victories and grieve over his defeats and mistakes.

Wall Street is "chuck full" of human nature—and that means that its self-interest is the dominant factor in its moral point of view. In the opinion of the "conservative" big men of Wall Street, any sort of attack upon a "combine" is a wicked attempt to destroy the prosperity of the country.

Does this attitude seem absurdly intolerant? Remember that money-making is to Wall Street what swill is to swine—the whole of life, the alpha and omega, breath and blood. Remember that any one who even so much as frowns in the direction of the swill-trough is in so far a menace to the supply of swill. And what does the big drove, big rooters and little, care who pours its swill or whence its swill comes? All that concerns it is that it shall come, and that it shall go—down their wide, eager throats.

No, men do not go to Wall Street to make love or friends, or to lay up treasure in Heaven. They go to make money; and they are fierce against anything or anybody that disturbs or threatens to disturb them. And, like most men organized for a purpose, they erect it into a moral cause. They are, so they tell each other, defenders and promoters and originators of "prosperity." They erect their own personal prosperity into the prosperity of all—are *they* not "all"? The next step is to make prosperity a patriotism. From that the transition is easy to regarding even their doubtful acts as justifiable for the sake of the patriotic motive behind them.

The "trust of trusts" is only a year old—a year and about three months. It has grown rapidly in public importance through the many sensational, some unquestionably useful, acts. But if prosperity lasts, what it has done is small in comparison with what it will do. Its evolutions are worth watching—closely and critically. But judicially, too—for there *are* blackmailers in Wall Street, and honest corporate managements suffer from them.

The Mascot of Battery B

She Perched on the Belcherous Cannon's Back and Rode the Battery to Good Luck

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

AS FOR THE CAPTAIN HE SAT DOWN AND REGULARLY CRIED

BATTERY A had a mascot goat, and Battery C a Filipino kid, and Battery D a parrot that could swear in five languages, but I guess we were the only battery in the brigade that carried an old lady! Filipino, nothing! But white as yourself and from Oakland, California, and I don't suppose I'd be here talking to you now if it hadn't been for her.

I had known Benny a long time—Benny was her son, you know, the only one she had—and when I enlisted at the beginning of the war Benny wished to do it, too, only he was scared to death, not of the Spaniards, but of his old ma! So he hung off and on while I drilled at the Presidio and rode free on the street cars and did the little hero act and ate pie the whole day long. My! How they used to bring us pies in them times and boxes of cigars—and flowers! Flowers to burn! Well I remember a Wisconsin regiment marching along Market Street, big, splendid men from the up North woods, every one of them with a calla-lily stuck in his gun! Oh, it was fine, with the troops pouring in and the whole city afire to receive them and the girls almost cutting the clothes off your back for souvenirs—and it made Benny sick to see it all, him clerking in a hardware store and eating his heart out to go with the boys. He hung back as long as he could, but at last he couldn't stand it any longer, and the day before we sailed he went and enlisted in my Battery.

He knew there was going to be a rumpus at home and I suppose that was why he put it off to the very end, not wanting to be plagued to death or cried over. But when he got into his uniform and had done a spell of goose-step with the first sergeant, he was so blamed rattled about going home that he had to take me along, too. He lived away off somewheres in a poorish sort of neighborhood, all little frame houses and little front yards about that big, where you could see commuters watering calla-lilies in their city clothes. Benny's house seemed the smallest and poorest of the lot, though it had calla-lilies, too, and other sorts of flowers, and a mat with "Welcome" on it, and some kind of a dog that licked our hands as we walked up the front steps and answered to the name of Dook.

Benny pushed open the door and went in, me at his heels, and both of us nervous as cats. His mother was sitting in a rocker reading the evening paper with gold spectacles, and I never saw such a straight-backed old lady in my life, nor any so tall and thin and commanding. She looked up at us, kind of startled to see two soldiers walking into her kitchen, and Benny smiled a silly smile and said:

"Mamma, I'm off to help Dooey in the Fillypines!"

I guess he thought she'd jump at him or something, for he had always been a mother's boy and minded everything she said, though he was twenty-eight years old and rising nine—but all she did was to draw in her breath sharp and sudden, so you could hear the whistle of it, and then two big tears rolled out under her specs.

"Don't feel bad about it, mamma," said Benny in a snuffly voice.

She never said a word, but got up from the chair and came over to where Benny was, very white and trembly, and looking at his army coat like it was a shroud.

"Oh, my son, my son," she said, kind of choking.

"I couldn't stay behind when all the boys was going," he said.

I saw he was holding back all he could to keep from crying, and I didn't blame him either, as we was to sail the next day and the old lady was his ma. It's them good-byes that break a soldier all up. So I lit out and played with the dog, and made him jump through my hands and fetch sticks and give his paw (he was quite a *re*markable dog, that dog, though his breeding wasn't much), while I could hear them inside talking and talking, and the old lady's voice running on about the danger of drink and how he mustn't sleep in wet clothes or give back talk to his officers—it was wonderful the horse-sense that old lady had—and how he must respeck the uniform he wore, and be cheerful and willing and brave like his sainted father who was dead—all that mothers say and sometimes what soldiers do—and through it all there was a pleasant rattle of dishes and the sound of the fire being poked up, and Benny asking where's the tablecloth and was there another pie? By and by I was called in, and there, sure enough, the table was spread, and we were both made to sit down while the old lady skirmished around and wiped her eyes when we weren't looking.

We had beefsteak, warmed-over pigs' feet, coffee, potato cakes, fresh lettuce, graham gems and two kinds of pie, and the next day we sailed for Manila.

Them early days in the Fillypines was the toughest proposition I was ever up against. Things hadn't settled down as they did afterward, nobody knowing where he was at, and all of us shoved up to the front higgeldy-piggeldy; and being Regulars they gave us the heavy end of it, having to do all the fighting while the Volunteers was being taught the difference between a Krag-Jorgensen and a block-house. It was all front in them days—for the Regulars! But we were lucky in our commissary sergeant, a splendid young man named Orr, and we lived well from the start and never came down to rations. The Battery got quite a name for having griddle-cakes for breakfast and carrying a lot of dog generally in the eating line, and some one wrote a song, to the toon of Chickamauga, called The Fried Chicken of Battery B. But I tell you, it wasn't all fried chicken either, for the fighting was hot and heavy, and a good many of the boys pegged out. If ever there was a battery that looked for trouble and got it—it was Battery B. But we took good care of our commissary sergeant—did I mention he was a splendid young man named Orr?—and though we dropped a good many numbers, wounded, dead, sick and missing, we kept up the good name of the battery and had canned butter and pop-overs nearly every day.

Benny and I were chums, but nobody knows what that word means till you've kept warm under the same blanket and kneeled side by side in the firing-line. It brings men together like nothing else in the world, and it's queer the unlikely sorts that take to one another. I was so common and uneddicated that I wonder what Benny ever saw to like in me, for as I said, he was a regular mamma's boy and splendidly brought up. Religious too, and a church member! But he was powerful fond of me, and never went into action but what he'd let off a little prayer to himself that I might come out all right and go to Heaven if boloed. Pity he hadn't taken as much trouble for himself, for one day while we were lying in a trench and firing for all we were worth, I suddenly saw that look in his face that a soldier gets to know so well.

"Benny, you're shot!" I yelled out, dropping my Krag and all struck of a heap.

"Shot, nothing!" he answered, and then he keeled over in the dirt and his legs began to kick.

He took a powerful long time to die and there was even some talk of sending him down to the base hospital, the field one being that full and constantly needed at our heels. But he pleaded with the doctors and was allowed as a favor to stay on and die where he was minded—with the Battery. I was with him all I could, and I'll never forget how good that commissary sergeant was, a splendid young man named Orr, who always had a little pot of chicken broth for Benny and cornstarch, and what he fancied most of all—a sort of thick dough cakes we called sinkers. As luck would have it I got into trouble about this time—a little matter of two silver candlesticks and a Virgin's crown—and Benny sent for Captain Howard (it was him that commanded the Battery), and weak as he was and dying, he begged me off, and the captain swore awful to hide how bad he felt and struck my name off the sheet to please him. There was little enough to do in this line, for it was plain as day where Benny was bound for, and he knew himself he would never see that little house in Oakland again.

Well, he got worse and worse, and sometimes when I went there he didn't know me, being out of his head or kind of dopey with the doctor's stuff, the shadow being over him, as Irish people say. One night he was that low that I got scared and I waylaid the contract surgeon as he came out.

"Doctor," I said, "it's all up with Benny, ain't it?"

"He'll never hear reveille no more," he says.

I got my blanket and lay outside the door, it being against regulations for any of us to be in the field hospital after taps. But the orderly said he'd call me if Benny was to wake up before the end and the doctor promised me I might go in. Sure enough, I was called somewheres along of four o'clock and the orderly led me inside the tent to Benny's cot. There was no light but a candle in a bottle and I held it in my hand and bent over and looked in Benny's face. He was himself all right and he put his sweaty, hot hand in mine.

"Do you know me, old man?" I said.

"Good-by, Bill," he said, and then as I leaned over him, his voice being that low and faint, he whispered: "Billy, I guess you'll have to rustle for another chum!"

Them was his last words and he said them with a kind of a smile, like he was happy and didn't give a d——n to live. Then the little life he had left went out. The orderly looked at his watch and then wrote the time on a slate after Benny's regimental number, and the word "died." That was about all the epitaph he got, though we buried him properly in the morning and gave him the usual send-off. Then his effects was auctioned off in front of the captain's tent, a nickel for this, ten cents for that—a soldier hasn't much at any time, you know, and on the march less than a little—and five-sixty about covered the lot. There was quite a rush for the picture of his best girl, but I bought it in, along with one of his ma and a one-pound Hotchkiss shell and the hilt of a Spanish officer's sword; and when I had laid them away in my haversack and had borrowed a sheet of paper and an envelope from the commissary sergeant to write to Benny's mother, it came over me what a little place a man fills in the world and how things go on much the same without him.

I was setting down to write that letter and was about midway through, having got to "the pride of the Battery and regretted by all who knew him," when I looked up, and what in thunder do you suppose I saw? The old lady herself, walking into camp with an umberella and a valise, and looking like she always did—powerful grim and commanding. Some one must have told her the news and which was my tent, for she walked straight up to where I was and said: "William, William!" like that. She didn't cry or nothing, and anybody at a distance might have thought she was just talking to a stranger; but there was a whole funeral march in the sound of her voice and you could read Benny's death like print in her wrinkled old face. I took her out to where we had buried him, and she plumped down on her knees and prayed with the umberella and the valise beside her, while I held my hat in one hand and my pistol in the other, ready for any bolo business that might come out of the high grass.

Then we went back to the field hospital and had a look in, she explaining on the way how she had mortgaged her home so as to come and look after Benny. I guess the hospital must have appeared kind of cheerless, for lots of the wounded were lying on the bare ground, and it was a caution the way some of them groaned and groaned. You see, Battery K had just come in, having had an engagement by the way at Dagupan, and Wilson's Cavalry, besides, had dumped a sight of their men on us.

"And it was in a place like this that my boy died?" said the old lady, her mouth quivering and then closing on the words like a steel trap.

"There's the very cot, ma'am," I said.

She said something like, "Oh, oh, oh," under her breath, and taking out her handkerchief wiped the face and lips of

the man in the cot who was laying there with his uniform still on him. I suppose he had got it because he was a bad case, the cot I mean, and certainly he was far from spry.

"He's dead!" said the old lady shuddering. "He's dead!"

"Orderly," I said, "number fifty-six is dead!"

The orderly bent over to make sure and then ran for his slate—the same old slate—and began to write down the same old thing. I suppose there was some sense to that slate racket, for with a little spit one slate would do for a brigade, but it seemed a cheap way to die. Then as we stood there another orderly came gallumphing in with something steaming in a tin can. The old lady took it out of his hands and smelled it supercilious.

"What do you call this?" she said.

"It's chicken broth, ma'am," he said. "That's what it is, ma'am."

"Faugh!" said the old lady. "Faugh!" and handed it back to him, like she was going to throw it away, but didn't. Then we watched him dip it out in tin cups and carry it around, while some other fellers came in and carried out the body of the man in the cot, a trooper, by his legs. We went out with them, and I tell you it was good to stand in the open air again and breathe. The old lady took a little spell of rest on a packing-case; then she gave me her umberella and valise to take back to quarters, and rolling up her sleeves made like she was going into the hospital again.

I didn't know what to say, but I guess I looked it.

"William," she said with a glitter of her gold specs.

"Ma'am," said I.

"Those boys aren't getting proper *con*sideration," she said. "If it was dogs," she said, "they couldn't be treated worse. William, I'm going to see what one old woman can do."

"You ought to ask Captain Howard first," I said. "You don't belong to the Army Medical Corps."

"It's them that let Benny die," she said with her eyes snapping, "and as for asking they'd say 'no,' for they don't allow any women except at the base hospitals."

I knew this for a fack, but I had rather she'd find it out from the captain than from me. I didn't want to seem to make trouble for her. So while I was wondering what to do about it she headed right in, leaving me with the valise and the umberella and a kind of qualmy feeling that the old lady might strike a snag.

I didn't have a chance to come back till along sundown, but, my stars! even in that time there had been a change. Benny's mother had been getting in her deadly work and the orderlies were bursting mad, not that any of them dared say anything outright or show it except in their faces, which were that long; for, you see, the contract surgeon had taken her side and had backed her up. But they moved around like waiters who hadn't been fee'd, powerful unwilling and yet scared to say a word. The hospital had been made a new place, with another tent up that had been laid away and forgotten (you wouldn't think it possible, but it was), and the sick and wounded had been sorted over and washed and made comfortable; and where before there was no room to turn around you could walk through wide lanes and wonder what had become of the crowd. She had peeked into the cooking, too, and had found out more things going wrong in five hours than the contract surgeon had in five months. Blest if she didn't have a tally-book of the medical stores, and there was a court-martial laying for every one of the orderlies if they said Boo, for they had been making away scandalous with butter and chocolate and beef tea and canned table peaches and sparrowgrass and sardines and all the like of that, belly-robbing the boys right and left perfectly awful.

It was a mighty good account of the contract surgeon that he took it all so well and was willing to admit how badly he had been done. But he was a splendid young feller named Marcus, and what the old lady said went! He was right sorry he couldn't put her on the strength of the Battery, but the regulations kept women nurses at the base hospitals, and anyway (for we broke everything them days and there wasn't enough red tape left to play cat-and-my-cradle), Captain Howard hated the sight of a petticoat and was dead set against women anywheres. I don't know what they had ever done to him, but I am just saying it for a fack. But however it was, Marcus said the old lady had to keep out of sight or else the captain would surely send her to the rear under arrest.

Now this made it a pretty hard game for the old lady to play, and you can reckon how much dodging she had to do to keep out of the captain's sight. It was hard about her sleeping, too, for she had to do that where she could, not to speak of the pay she might have drawn and didn't, and which, sakes alive, she earned twenty times over. By and by everybody got on to it except the captain, but there wasn't such a skunk in the Battery to tell him, partly because of the joke, but most of all on account of the convalescents who naturally thought a heap of her. Then it got whispered around that she was our mascot and carried the luck of the Battery; and it was certainly remarkable how it began to change, getting fresh beef quite regular and maple syrup to burn and nine kegs of Navy pickles by mistake.

You would have thought she was too old to stand it, for we was always on the move, and I have seen her sleeping on what was nothing else but mud, with the rain coming down

—SHE PLUMPED DOWN ON HER KNEES AND PRAYED

tremendjous. But she was a tough old customer and always came to time, outlasting men that could have tossed her in the air or run with her a block and never taken breath. But of course it couldn't be kept up for ever—I mean about the captain—and sure enough, one day he caught her riding on a gun-carriage while he was passing along the line on a Filipino pony.

"Good Lord!" he said like that, reining in his horse and looking at her campaign hat and the old gingham dress she wore. I wonder she didn't correct him for his profanity, but I allow for once she was scared stiff and hadn't no answer ready. My! But she kind of shrunk in and looked a million years old.

"Madam," said he, "do you belong to this column?"

"Unofficially I do," she said, perking up a little.

"Might I inquire where you came from?" said he, doing the ironical perlite.

"Oakland, California," said she.

"And is this your usual mode of locomotion?" said he. "Riding on a gun?" said he. "Like the Goddess of War," said he. "Perching on the belcherous cannon's back," said he.

The old lady, now as bold as brass, allowed that it was.

"Scandalous!" roared the captain. "Scandalous!"

The old lady always had a kind of nattified air, and even on a gun-carriage she sported that look of dropping in on the neighbors for a visit. She ran up her little parasol, settled her feet, give a tilt to her specs and looked the captain in the eye.

"Yes," she said, "I do belong to this column, and I guess it would be a smaller column by a dozen if it hadn't been for me in your field hospital. Or twenty," said she. "Or maybe more," said she.

This kind of staggered the captain. It was plain he didn't know just what to do. We were hundreds of miles from anywheres and there were Aguinaldoes all around us. He was as good as married to that old lady for any means he had of getting rid of her. He began to look quite old himself as he stared and stared at the mascot of Battery B, the cannon lumping along, and the old lady bouncing up and down as the wheels sank to the axles in the rutty road.

"When we strike the railroad home you go," said he.

"We'll see about that," said the old lady.

"It's disgraceful," said he. "Pigging with a whole battery," said he. "Oh, the shame of it," said he.

"Shoulder-straps don't always make a gentleman," said she.

"Holy smoke!" he said, galloping off very fierce and grand on his little horse to haul Doctor Marcus over the coals. They say the contract surgeon got it in the neck, but we were short-handed in that department already, Doctor Fenacre having been killed in action, so the captain couldn't do nothing worse nor reprimand him. It was bad enough as it was—for Marcus—for *he* wasn't no old lady and the captain could let himself rip. And I tell you it was a caution any time to be up against Captain Howard, for though he could be as nice as pie and perlite to beat the band—it only needed the occasion for him to unloose on you like a thirteen-inch gun.

Well, it was perfectly lovely what happened next, for with all her sassiness the old lady felt pretty blue and talked about Benny for hours, like she always did when she was down-hearted; and by this time, you know, she had got to love Battery B and every boy in it; and it naturally went against her to think of starting out all over again with strangers, and them maybe Volunteers. So you can guess what her feelings was that night when the captain went down with fever. It was like getting money from home!

The captain had never been sick in his life and he took it hard to be laid by and keep off the flies, while another feller ran the Battery and jumped his place. I guess it came over him that he wasn't the main guy, after all, and that it wouldn't matter a hill of beans whether he lived or quit. Them's one of the things you learn in hospital, and the most are the better for it; but the captain, you see, was getting his lesson a bit late. So he was laid off, with *amigos* to carry him or bolo him (like what *amigos* are when they get the chance), and the old lady give a whoop and took him in charge. My! If she wasn't good to that man, and as for coals of fire, she regular slung them at him! The doctor, too, got his little ax in, and was everlastingly praising the old lady and telling the captain he would have been a goner if it hadn't been for her! And when the captain grew better—which he did after a few days—he was that meek he'd eat out of your hand. The old lady was not only a champion nurse but she was a buster to cook. Give her a ham bone and a box of matches and she could turn out a French dinner of five courses, with *oofs-sur-le-plate* and veal cutlets in paper pants! It was then, I reckon, she settled the captain for good; and when he picked up and was able to

walk about camp, leaning pretty heavy on her arm, she called him "George" and "my boy," and you might have taken him for Benny and she his ma.

There was nothing too good for the old lady after that, and the captain wouldn't hear of her living anywheres but at the officers' mess, where she sat at his right hand and always spoke first. The Queen of England couldn't have been treated with more respeck, and the captain put her on the strength of the Battery and she drew back pay from the day she first blew into camp. My, but it was changed times, and you ought to have seen the way the old lady cocked her head in the air and made a splendid black silk dress out of loot, which she wore every evening with the officers and rattled all over with jet. But it didn't turn her head the least bit, like for a time the boys feared it might, and she was twice as good to us as she had been before. We had a pull at headquarters now, and she had a heart that big that it could hold the officers and us, too—and more in the draw.

The tide had turned her way when she needed it most, for tough as she was she could not have long gone on like she had been. She had worn down very thin, and was like a shadow of the old lady I remembered in Oakland, California, and kind of sunk in around the eyes, and I don't believe Benny would have known her had he risen from the grave; and when anybody joked with her about it and said: "Take it easy, ma'am; you owe it to the Battery to be keerful," she'd answer she had enlisted for the term of the war and looked to peg out the day peace was proclaimed.

"Then I'll be off to join Benny," she'd say, "and the rest of the Battery in Heaven!"

There was getting to be a good crowd up there—that is, if the other place hadn't yanked them in—and some of the boys found a lot of comfort in her way of thinking.

"A boy as dies for his country isn't going to be bothered about passing in," she would say, with a click of her teeth and that sure way of hers like she *knew*. And I reckon perhaps she did.

One afternoon she was suddenly taken very bad; and instead of better she grew worse and worse, being tied to the bed and raving; and the captain, who wouldn't hear of her being sent to hospital, give up his own quarters to her and almost went crazy he was that frightened she was dying.

"It's just grit that's kep' her alive," I heard the doctor saying to him.

"You must save her, Marcus," said the captain, holding to him like he was pleading with the doctor for her life. "You must save her, Marcus. You must do everything in the world you can, Marcus."

THE OLD LADY, NOW AS BOLD AS BRASS, ALLOWED THAT IT WAS

The contract surgeon looked mighty glum. "She's like a ship that has been burning up her fittings for lack of coal," said he. "There ain't nothing left," he said. "Not a d——n thing," said he, and then he piled in a lot of medical words that seemed to settle the matter.

As for the captain he sat down and regularly cried. I'm sorry now I said anything against the captain, for he was a splendid man and the pride of the Battery. And I tell you he wasn't the only one that cried neither, for the boys idolized the old lady and there wasn't no singing that night or cards or anything. I was on picket and it was a heavy heart I took with me into the dark; and when they left me laying in the grass, and nobody nearer nor a hundred yards, and that behind me, I felt mortal blue and lonesome and homesick and like I didn't care whether I was killed or not. It was midnight when I went out, and I don't know what ailed me that night, for after thinking of the old lady and Benny and my own mother that was dead, and all the rest of the boys that had marched out so fine and ended so miserable—I couldn't keep the sleep away; and I'd go off and off though I tried my best not to; and my eyes would shut in spite of me and just glue together; and I would kind of drown, drown, drown in sleep. If ever a man knew what he was doing, and the risk and what I owed to the boys and me a Regular and all that—it was me; yet—yet——! And you must remember it had been a hard day and the guns had stuck again and again in the mud, and it was pull mule, pull soldier till you thought you'd drop in your tracks. Oh, I am not excusing myself. I've seen men shot for sleeping on guard and I know it's right; and even in my dreams I seemed to be reproaching myself and calling myself a quitter.

Then, just as I was no better nor a log, lying there with my head on my arm, a coward and a traitor and a black disgrace to the uniform I wore, I suddenly waked up with somebody shaking me hard—real rough like that—and I jumped perfectly terrible to think it might be the captain on his rounds. Oh, the relief when I saw it was nothing else than the old lady, she kneeling beside me all alone and her specs shining in the starlight.

"William, William!" she said, sorrowful and warning, her voice kind of strange, like she didn't want to say out loud that I had been asleep at my post; and as she drew away her hand it touched mine, and it was ice-cold. And just as I was going to tell her to lope back and be keerful of herself, the grass rustled in front of me, and I saw rising like a wall rows on rows of Filipino heads! My, but didn't I shoot and didn't I run, and the bugles rang out and the whole line was rushed, me pelting in and the column spitting fire along a length of three miles! We stood them off all right and my name was mentioned in orders and I was promoted sergeant, the brigadier shaking my hand and telling the boys I was a pattern to go by and everything a Regular ought to be. But it wasn't *that* I was going to tell. It was about the old lady, though I didn't learn it till the next day.

She had died at a quarter of midnight and had lain all night on the captain's bed with a towel over her poor old face.

Now what do you make of that?

OUR AMERICAN SNOBS

At a Fashionable Wedding

By JAMES L. FORD

FOR weeks before the Titepurse-Timpson wedding Mrs. Catnip's boarding-house was a seething whirlpool of excitement; for, as Mrs. Grinders truthfully observed, there were not many dinner-tables in the city where one could learn so much at first hand about this great hymeneal function.

Mr. Grosgrain is not usually a brilliant conversationalist; but now, feeling that the eyes of the table were upon him and that every ear was attuned to catch his lightest word, he surprised us all with the poetic imagery of his talk when the trousseau was under discussion. He it was who met Mrs. Titepurse and her daughter at the main entrance of the great establishment which claims his services, and ushered them—marching ahead himself with stately tread, his whiskers flowing behind him on either side like the foam parted by the ship's prow—down the long silk aisle, through the woolen nave, on, on past the trimmings, notions, gloves and ribbons to the broad counters where the white goods are displayed. Here he chastely left them, but only to return furtively at dusk and learn from the lips of the head saleswoman precisely what they had purchased and at what cost.

Mrs. Taffeta must have had some mysterious fountains of information, for she went out every day immediately after luncheon to return at dinner-time literally bubbling over with details of the most vital importance; while old Quillson, who rarely condescends to take part in our fashionable discussions, for once added his voice to the chorus with reminiscences of Jake Titepurse's bygone rascalities, coupled with sneering suggestions as to the many better uses to which he could put his money were he honestly inclined.

But there was no one at the table who entered into the delirious joys of these exciting weeks as did Mrs. Grinders,

THESE HARPIES FELL UPON THE POOR LITTLE WOMAN

whose daily wont it was to absorb every detail that the combined knowledge of Mrs. Taffeta and Mr. Grosgrain could supply, and then dart off to spread the tidings among such of her friends as are less fortunately placed from a social standpoint than herself.

"My," she said to me one afternoon as we came up the steps together, "all the women I know just envy me because they say I know everything that's going on in society long before they hear of it. Well, we do hear a lot of interesting talk at Mrs. Catnip's, don't we? I've just come from a progressive euchre party in Brooklyn, and you'd oughter to have seen 'em prick up their ears when I began to talk about Kitty Titepurse and how much her wedding dress cost.

"Don't you think Mr. Grosgrain leads an awful interesting life? I should think it would be fearful fascinating to meet all these people the way he does! Why, he tells me that there isn't a day passes but what he's talking to some of the Four Hundred. They're crazy to have me bring him over to the euchre party, but to tell the truth I'd be sort of ashamed to ask him to go. They're good church people and all that, but they're not much on style, and they'd seem funny to him after all the elegant folks he meets in his business."

Strangely enough, the one person at the table who was qualified to speak of the coming event from the standpoint of an invited guest, and whose presence at the ceremony would not have been known had it not been for the hawklike eye of Mrs. Taffeta, was the only one among us who had not a word to say on the subject.

The wedding was at noon, and as I happened to lunch at home that day I heard the whole story of its splendors from the lips of Mrs. Taffeta and Mrs. Grinders, who had watched it from the sidewalk opposite the church, and had even gone out of their way while returning home to peer under the awning and gawp at the windows of the Titepurse mansion where the wedding breakfast was in progress. Mrs. Taffeta was simply livid with rage as she seated herself at the table, while Mrs. Grinders seemed stunned as if by some extraordinary discovery.

"What do you think of your friend, the widow, now?" said society's oracle as she fixed a pair of cold, gimlet-like eyes upon me. "Maybe she's not a sly, deceitful little thing, a-settin' there like puss in boots all this time and never lettin' on a word!"

For a moment the awful thought that she'd been having a wedding of her own, and with the tall Southerner as an accomplice, flashed across my mind, but before I could speak Mrs. Grinders made everything plain.

"She's heard us talkin' about the Titepurse wedding for the last four weeks and never let on that she had an invite to go herself. Of course she just went as a reporter to write up the dresses or something an' 'twant as if she was a friend of the family, but she had just as good a chancet as any on 'em to see what was goin' on, an' if it hadn't been for our seein' her go up the steps of the house we never would have known she was there. You could have knocked me over with a

feather when I see her traipsin' up the steps as high an' mighty as if she was a member of the Four Hundred herself."

And at the dinner-table that night these harpies fell upon the poor little woman with ravenous beak and claw and literally tore from her every bit of information she could yield concerning the ceremony, the wedding breakfast, the guests and what they wore, and last, but not least, the wedding presents and their probable cost.

These last-named items brought old Quillson out of his shell and he contrasted the event of the day with the marriage of the elder Titepurses forty years ago, as described to him by one of the guests. It seems that in those days Titepurse kept a small country store in the same Connecticut village in which the mother of Kitty Titepurse found employment as a school teacher and boarded with her Uncle, Ephraim Perkins, in whose "best room" young Jacob did his courting on Sunday nights, and on Sunday nights only, the old man having given it as his opinion that the pair burnt enough wood and oil then to last through the whole week. It was in this best room that the young couple were married by the local clergyman, for which service Jacob Titepurse tendered him a fee of two dollars and a half, which he gratefully pocketed with the remark that it was two dollars more than he had expected to get, for even then the name of Titepurse was synonymous with close dealing. The most costly present received by the bride was a cook stove, given by Jacob himself, and the most disastrous, a heifer calf, presented by Uncle Ephraim, for the animal slipped her halter while the wedding was going on and contrived to make her way into the summer kitchen, where she consumed the best part of the wedding feast.

But by this time Mrs. Catnip's guests were so thoroughly charged with the "style," as they called it, of this great wedding—this union of avarice and self-advertisement—that they had no ears for anything that was simple, homely and native to our soil. Indeed, it was their frenzied eagerness to learn every detail of an affair whose only importance was that which Park Row had given to it, that threw me into a serious train of philosophic thought over a form of hysteria that has killed more enjoyment of late years than any other pestilence that our country has ever known. Herod's murder of the innocents suggests itself strongly to my mind when I think of the gatherings that might be merry were it not for the sour discontent, the yearnings after the impossible and the unworthy that have been bred by this maniacal worship of the brazen calf. What was once but a simple, saucer-eyed amazement at luxury and extravagance has grown to be a spectre of envy and false shame that sits at nearly every feast.

I am sure that Mrs. Grinders was a far better woman—she was certainly much less of a fool—in the days when she found real pleasure in the meetings of the euchre party which the teachings of Mrs. Taffeta, that high priestess of the brazen calf cult, have since caused her to despise. There was not one at Mrs. Catnip's table who dared lift a voice in honor of the wise suggestion embodied in the gift with which the frugal Jacob Titepurse pointed out to his bride one of the surest roads to conjugal happiness. Not one of us gave credit to Uncle Ephraim for the far-seeing sagacity which shone like a beacon light in his gift of the heifer calf. Compare these useful and sensible presents with the trumpery that completely filled one of the rooms in the Titepurse mansion, and then tell me whether the modern calf-worshiping couple have made as good a beginning in their wedded life as did their hard-headed parents! The Planet reporters did full justice to the presents—that is to say, to the most costly of them—and became hysterical over Jake Titepurse's million-dollar check, a facsimile of which he kindly permitted them to publish; the solid gold dessert service given by Mrs. Titepurse; the solid silver hatrack, the diamond tiaras and the massive gold rocking-chair.

WILLIAM SWALLOWTAIL

The published list of all these wonders made a deep impression on Mrs. Catnip's boarders, not one of whom seemed to realize the utter worthlessness of most of the gifts. The gold rocking-chair will have to be kept in the vaults of a storage warehouse, while the silver hatrack is simply an invitation to sneak thieves to come in and help themselves. The gold dessert service is too thin and fragile to resist an ordinary knife and fork, and will never be used until the cook invents some kind of a dessert that can be eaten with a sponge. As to the stock of silver butter plates, the size of a collar button, flimsy oyster forks, worthless nutpicks and ridiculous olive dishes, their sole merit in the eyes of those who gave them—they had none in those of the young couple who received them—is that they come in velvet-lined boxes bearing some trade-mark honored in snobdom and make a great showing for their cost.

CHARLEY WAS THROWING OUT HIS PICKET LINE

But after all, the cook stove and the heifer calf were typical of those elder conditions under which the colossal Titepurse fortune had its beginning; and in like manner are the useless gold plates, oyster forks and butter dishes, the long ears of the bridegroom and the greasy notoriety with which Park Row crowns them all, emblematical of the conditions under which that fortune is, I hope, to be dissipated.

But to return to Mrs. Foxglove and the part which she played in the work of reporting the wedding, I am quite sure that to this day Mrs. Taffeta has no idea that her presence at the church and wedding feast was due directly to my friendly auspices in her behalf. Nor do they realize that by virtue of the place that I secured for her that she has crossed the thresholds of some of the most richly-advertised houses in the town.

Nevertheless it was I who brought Mrs. Foxglove into friendly relations with the Titepurses and others of our rich and great by securing for her a position as special fashion and society writer on the staff of my old and tried henchman, Charley Bland, the same discerning journalist who first beheld the form of Tommy Timpson looming up in the Newport fog and who is now city editor of the Planet and high in the royal favor. But although Charley "stands very close to the great white throne," as Park Row puts it, and does not scruple to dislodge from their positions any of his fellows whom he may have reason to suspect are in the enjoyment of royal favor, and therefore apt to become dangerous rivals of his own, he has a warm heart—that is to say, for a city editor—and does not forget that it was I who sent him the note of warning when he was in danger of losing his job at Newport. And so, although he well knew that it might jeopardize his position to be seen in intimate converse with one who, like myself, no longer enjoys the confidence of his sovereign, he admitted me at once to his presence when I called at the Planet office during Mr. Barshfield's absence, listened to what I had to say regarding Mrs. Foxglove, and then readily agreed to give her a fair trial in the work of reporting the great marriage that was looming upon the news horizon at that moment. Now be it known that it was not altogether with an eye single to her pecuniary betterment that I secured work for Mrs. Foxglove on the Planet. Entertaining toward her as I do feelings of respect and pity, mingled with others of surprise at her strange delusions and still others which I can scarcely define myself, and finding that not even my most fervid eloquence could uproot from her heart the absurd fetish of desirable people which she cherishes there so tenderly, I determined to put her in a position which should literally force into her mind that sense of her own folly which I had found it impossible to instill there myself. It seemed to me that when Charley Bland had fully instructed her in the Planet methods of lifting the vulgar from their native and galling obscurity to those pinnacles of fame from which they could be viewed by Mrs. Catnip's boarders, her eyes would be opened to their true status, and that she would cease to starve herself for the purpose of thrusting her little daughter into a society that she was herself helping to create.

Bismarck arranging the terms of the surrender; de Morny planning in cold blood the *coup d'état* that was to place his scheming, dreaming brother on the throne; Grant investing Vicksburg—not one of these historical incidents but came into my mind when I chanced to run across Charley Bland marshalling his cohorts of reporters, photographers and fashion writers in the lobby of a hotel on the day of the Titepurse-Timpson wedding. Like Von Moltke at a certain critical moment in the military history of Prussia, he had determined to take the field in person, and I came upon him at the very moment when he was planting his well-trained soldiery at the different strategical points which his knowledge of journalistic tactics told him it was necessary to cover.

Mrs. Foxglove had already been stationed in a pew close to the main door of the church with instructions to note well in her book the costume of every woman of importance who entered; other reporters were stationed in the side aisle under similar instructions, and just as I entered the hotel lobby I met my worthy fellow-journalist, William Swallowtail, clad in the majestic frock coat which is believed to figure in the schedule of assets of the Barshfield estate, hurrying away to the scene of action, and under sealed orders, too, for it was necessary to conceal his destination from the cormorants of the Megaphone who were all on their mettle that day. Mr. Swallowtail's instructions were, as I learned afterward, to take the place secured for him in the front pew and write an elaborate and graphic description of the ceremony as thus seen at close range. Meanwhile Charley was throwing out his picket lines around the church and placing his snap-shot photographers at every point of vantage.

"By the way," said Charley, coming up to me, "that Timpson ought to do something pretty handsome for me, for I'm the one that put him where he is."

"Oh, yes," I replied. "I remember how you discovered him in Newport and saved his life, so to speak."

"Not at all," said Charley; "it was he who saved mine, for if I hadn't run across him I'd have lost my job, but I saved his later, and I'll tell you how it was. We ran him on his ears, and his leading the cotillon, and his checkerberry pants, and his vest with the crisscross pattern and one thing and another, till he began to get stale, and I was afraid the old man would shut down on him and on me, too. So I got a-hold of him one day and told him that his ears and his pants had carried him about as far into society as he could expect, and that he'd got to get a move on or else he'd find himself back in the woods, where he came from. There's one thing I will say for that fellow, and that is that he's always willing to take advice, or at least he'll take mine, and he said right away that he knew it was up to him to do something, but he didn't quite know what to do. I'd always thought that with his ears he could make a good running in what they call the intellectual set—those women won't believe in a man unless he looks queer—and I suggested getting up a lecture on Phœnician architecture, because I knew I could get hold of a collection of photographs that he could show with a magic lantern while the society people sat in the dark and held hands and listened to his gabble, but he was afraid to tackle it, and when I tell you that he asked where Phœnicia was you'll realize that he really wasn't quite up to the mark for such a job.

—MARCHING AHEAD HIMSELF WITH STATELY TREAD

"'I'll tell you what's better than that,' he said; 'I'll get up a reputation for being bright and original. That seems to me to be awfully easy.'

"He's not such a fool, after all—that Timpson. So I told him to go ahead and we'd play him up on Sunday as a village cut-up. That very night he brought a live turtle to a dinner party and let it loose on the table, where it ate candy out of a silver tray and created no end of a sensation. The next morning he rolled a wooden hoop along Bellevue Avenue and came round to my place to be photographed, and gave me a list of the people that he saw on his trip and what they said to him. Then a circus came along and I put him up to giving a circus party with peanuts and red lemonade. You may remember we ran a whole page about it and described how he was putting new blood into society by his clever and original methods of entertaining. By this time he'd got so famous that the out-of-town papers began to boom him, and one woman introduced him into a novel dealing with fashionable life, in which he figured as the brightest and most original young man ever seen in Newport. It was through that novel that Mrs. Titepurse, who was making a very strong play for society, first got the idea that he would be a good son-in-law, for she thought, as nearly all these fool women do, that a man who figured so often in the papers as a cotillon

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Fortunes and Freaks in Advertising

Merchants Who Have Had to be Coaxed and Bullied, and Merchants Who Have Had to Fight and Hustle Their Way into Fortunes

By Paul Latzke

IN THE harbor of New York there may be seen, now and then, a yacht so perfect in construction and so luxurious in appointment that the stranger would probably pick her out at once as "the floating home of a great prince." Her decks shine like silver, her brasses glitter like gold. Everything about her is as fresh and clean and spotless as the salt breezes, and altogether she looks like a perfect marine painting set on canvas by a master hand. The name of the yacht does not matter, but the story of her being does, for it is as romantic as the beauty herself. She was built by a man who, a few years ago, had seldom even smelled the salt breezes because he was too poor to make the trip to the seacoast from the inland city where he lived. If she were named with an eye to fitness she would be registered as the good ship Printers' Ink.

Her owner, in the early nineties, was a hard-working business man in a small way. He was past the point where he could still be called young, and success had not come, though he had worked for it hard enough. After he had tried his hand in various ways he finally settled to the manufacture of caps. In this he was no more successful than in the other things he had tried, and, finally, worn out and broken down with disappointment, he had to give up. The doctors told him that only a long rest and complete absence from worry could restore him—the usual story:

"Take a trip to Europe in a slow steamer."

"But I can't afford it."

"Then go somewhere in the country," advised the doctors as a final remedy.

The Birth of the Breakfast-Food Idea

THIS was more reasonable, but even this was tragedy, for the man felt that he must go under for good if he had to give up work. However, shattered nerves leave a man no choice. It was either the grave or rest, and the man gritted his teeth. Getting together all the money he could he wound up his small affairs and prepared for exile. Somewhere he had heard of a remarkable institution at Battle Creek, Michigan. The proprietor was known even as far as Chicago, principally because of his peculiarities. He was a Seventh Day Baptist, or "Perfectionist," and lived, according to all accounts, a simple Christian life. To-day his fame is spread throughout the Northwest, and his "peculiarities" are accepted as matters of faith, instead of evidence of "queerness." Chief among these peculiarities was the fact that he cared nothing for money-making, a heresy that was in itself enough to write him down uncanny among the hustling Chicagoans. He took pay from the people whom he received in his institution, or "sanitarium," but, instead of piling up this money in bank, as behooved a properly-balanced person, he spent it foolishly in doing good among his poor neighbors and in feeding and housing, free of charge, in his sanitarium, those who were unable to pay. No one was refused admission, and naturally the sanitarium never lacked a full company. In addition to this freaky way of doing business the doctor had other "whims." He was a vegetarian. No one in or about the place was permitted to feed on flesh. Instead, he gave his patients various cereals prepared in a way peculiarly his own. It was about this cereal idea that the whole place was built. He had worked out the processes of preparing these foods after years of experiment, and his treatment consisted almost entirely of this enforced diet. He permitted no smoking and no drinking on the part of his charges, his assistants and his employees, and all violent language and profanity were prohibited. One who offended against any of these regulations, whether he was a pensioner or the wealthiest boarder in the place, had to go.

Altogether a queer place from the sturdy, meat-eating, free-drinking, plain-speaking Chicago standpoint. But one endures much for health's sake, and the persons admitted by the proprietor certainly regained their health. So the place was frequented, despite its peculiarities, by hosts of Chicagoans, the broken-down cap manufacturer going with the rest. His recovery was rapid, and he became at once an enthusiast on the doctor's cereal diet. Being a progressive man, he saw much good raw material going to waste, and it pained him.

"Why don't you advertise, Doctor?" he asked when his faculties were in shape again for plain thinking. "Put your cereals on the market, advertise them, and you'll make millions."

The Doctor said he'd rather not.

The Man Who Would Not Pay the Price for Millions

"I HAVE thought of it and should like the millions, for with them one could do much good in the world. But advertising and building up a great business means that I must depend largely on others, on men out in the world, of whose character and mode of life I could know nothing. In all probability there would be among them roisterers and hard drinkers, profane men and liars, and I will not engage in an enterprise that might have such agents. No, I will work here as I have always worked, and keep my establishment so that I may know that only the right-living work for and with me."

And from that standpoint the Doctor would not budge. The man finally gave up trying, but he kept his eyes and ears open, and the more he saw and heard the more he felt pain at the waste of good money-making opportunities, for he was a Chicagoan to the backbone. By and by he was cured and went back to the lake. It was not long after that a solicitor from the firm of Lord & Thomas, advertising agents in Chicago, sought Mr. Lord in his private office.

"I have just closed a good contract," said the solicitor, "with a man who wants to put a new cereal on the market. He has little or no money, but he has a good thing, and if we will give him a small credit he says he will certainly make his cereal a big winner, and give us the biggest line of advertising we have ever carried. I think he is all right."

An advertising solicitor always thinks a man who will sign a contract is "all right," so Mr. Lord was not at all affected by his agent's enthusiasm. Instead, he went to the firm's books and found that this cereal man had formerly been a cap man, and that he had carried a small account with the advertising agency during his cap days. The status of this account was so unsatisfactory that Mr. Lord declined the new contract. The solicitor sorrowfully informed his client of the decision. That gentleman, instead of accepting this action as conclusive, went on the still hunt for some advertising agent who might take a different stand from that assumed by Mr. Lord. He found him in the person of C. H. Fuller, and there was soon running a small line of advertising exploiting the new cereal. It took from the start, and so well that Mr. Fuller went in deeper and deeper with his credits. As for the former invalid, he not alone put back into more advertising every cent he received from his sales, but borrowed everywhere that he could, and only paid cash for his raw material when he couldn't get it on credit by any chance. So absorbed did Mr. Fuller and his client become in their work that almost before they knew it they were owing in the neighborhood of $150,000 to the confiding American publishers. Their attention was called specially to this fact because about this time the publishers were becoming very restive and clamoring for cash. It looked distressingly like a case of sheriff, and probably would have been. But both Mr. Fuller and his client were strong, resourceful, daring men. Instead of accepting failure and the sheriff, they made a round of visits to every publisher who was carrying their accounts and explained the situation thus:

"We owe you a large sum of money and are unable to pay at this time. Altogether we owe to you and other publishers over $150,000. If you push us all the others will jump in also, and we shall go to the wall. Then you will lose every cent we owe, for the physical assets of this business as it stands to-day amount to practically nothing. It has only the good will. This good will becomes worthless if we are forced out of existence. On the other hand, if we are allowed to continue it will grow in value every day. The turning point is in sight. The sales are increasing rapidly every day. It only requires a little more pushing to get us around the corner. Instead of forcing our hand at this time, carry our account along and give us a little more credit so that we can keep up the advertising, for to stop now would be fatal. Do this and in a short time we shall be able to pay all we owe, and carry a greater line of advertising than ever. By extending our credit you will not only get your money, which otherwise you lose, but you will create a new and profitable and permanent advertiser who will bring you a steady income."

The argument, probably because of its very audacity, won, and the tide turned as predicted, turned so hard and so fast that it poured millions into the cereal man's lap in less time than it takes the ordinary man to make thousands.

The beautiful yacht that visits New York Harbor he built only a few years ago. During 1901 he made $960,000 clear profit, and for the year 1902, though the exact sum has never been made public, he undoubtedly had an income of more than a million.

The Effect of Advertising on the Reading Public

IMPRESSIVE as these figures are, they tell only part of the story, for the result of this man's success reached far beyond his individual fortune. Stimulated by the things he accomplished, a dozen others jumped into the field, until to-day Battle Creek is more like a boom town in the oil region than a staid, respectable milling centre. There are over thirty large establishments, some of them running day and night, and all turning out hygienic foods. The population has increased by leaps and bounds and land values have risen enormously. Nor is this all. Practically the entire country has felt the stimulus which had its origin here. The farmers throughout the grain-growing belt have been enormously benefited, and naturally. For where one person used a breakfast food a few years ago there are now a hundred. Such an era of grain eating has never been seen in the world. And from all accounts it is only the beginning. The railroads have benefited and the paper-making industry has fairly jumped. First there was needed for this industry the cardboard for the packages of which millions upon millions are used. Then there were the labels and wrappers, and there was a tremendous increase in the consumption of paper to carry the advertisements, for all these cereal men jumped at once into printers' ink and on a scale unprecedented in history. A slight conception of the magnitude of this one item may be had from the experience of a single cereal concern which recently conducted an advertising campaign in which over one million dollars was spent in a period of ten months. From Battle Creek the fever of manufacturing has spread to every other milling centre in America, and from cereals it has spread to every line of foodstuffs, from foodstuffs to wearing apparel and everything else used by the people.

The effect that such advertising expenditures have had on the magazine and newspaper literature of the country is not appreciated even remotely.

*Editor's Note—This is the third of Mr. Latzke's papers in this series. The concluding article will appear in an early number.

It was shown recently in a legal proceeding that the output of a great concern engaged in making soda crackers had been increased thirteen hundred per cent. within a period of three years, and almost entirely this increase had come through the use of printers' ink. The business of a certain shoe manufacturing company has grown one thousand per cent. since it went into the use of printers' ink four years ago. Wearing apparel of all kinds and descriptions is now advertised on the most liberal scale, and the result, according to statistics recently compiled, has been to increase the sales in certain lines all the way from three hundred to eight hundred per cent. And this has been done without increasing the cost to the consumer or reducing the profits of the manufacturer. On the contrary, it has been the general experience that the retail prices of standard goods have been decreased on the whole, that the quality has been elevated, and that the manufacturer, through his enormously increased sales and the cutting out of the middleman, has made greater profits with less effort than ever before. The most ordinary articles of every day consumption are being advertised, and almost invariably with success. Coffee, molasses, starch, butter, sugar, even green apples, are now presented to the consumer through the advertising columns of the magazines, and the steady growth of the number of these advertisers shows conclusively how well this new departure in commercial methods is succeeding.

The Proof that Advertising Pays

AN INTERESTING story is told of the N. K. Fairbanks Company that illustrates the change that has come to pass and the profit it has brought. For years advertising agents besieged this house to induce them to go to the consumer direct with their goods by exploiting them in the columns of the magazines and other periodicals. The campaign was earnest and persevering, but fruitless until N. W. Ayer & Son, the Philadelphia advertising agents, made a proposition that caught the fancy of the management of the house. They suggested that a belt of counties in Illinois, where the Fairbanks people did a large trade, be set aside for the experiment they proposed. In these counties the Fairbanks people were selling, through salesmen, a certain brand of soap, making a fair profit. It was proposed that the same soap be put up under another brand, and that this brand should be advertised in a conservative way in this particular section. At the same time the salesmen should continue their efforts with the old soap.

At the end of six months it was found that the new brand was outselling the old, and when a balance sheet was drawn, the net profits on the advertised soap, after all expenses for printers' ink had been defrayed, exceeded the net profits on the soap sold through the salesmen by $8000.

The experiment was conclusive, and to-day Fairbanks & Company are among the great advertisers of America, spending hundreds of thousands every year for publicity.

There seems to be no limit to the class of materials that can be sold through advertising. Ordinarily one would suppose that such a thing as black cotton dress goods lining would offer a very poor field for exploitation by the advertising artists. Yet the recent experience of a New York concern demonstrates to the contrary. A. G. Hyde & Company, one of the great dry-goods commission houses of the metropolis, had for a quarter of a century or more been selling a certain standard brand of black lining, pursuing the old-fashioned method of establishing it firmly with the jobber and retailer and leaving them to push it with the consumer, who simply asked for black lining and got this particular brand. A few years ago the firm dissolved, and two of the members organized a new house. Some one suggested that instead of going ahead in the orthodox way and building their business up by the old-fashioned method, which would take a great many years and unlimited capital, they try the new way—that they put a brand of lining on the market and build up a trade at once by educating the women through advertising to ask for this particular kind. They adopted the idea, and to-day their trade, it is said, exceeds that of the old house.

A New York manufacturer of men's furnishing goods had a similar experience with so commonplace an article as cravats. Since time immemorial almost men's cravats of the better sort have been made out of a certain kind of silk known as barathea. This particular man, to the amazement of his confrères, began, a few years ago, to advertise his make of barathea scarfs and cravats. He put a capital B to barathea, put his own name in front of the mystic word, and to-day there is not one man in a thousand who would not swear that barathea is a proper name, a coined word, and that there are no other scarfs like these to be had anywhere. The result has been that this man's business has increased at a rate unheard of in the trade, and his competitors are too much astonished to do anything more than rub their eyes. By and by a lot of them will wake up and the country will probably be flooded with scarf advertisements, to the great profit of the people manufacturing them.

It sometimes happens that advertisers have success thrust upon them in the oddest sort of way. For example:

A Little Lesson for Haughty Beginners

IN THE early seventies there was a famous firm of ship chandlers in Chicago known as G. W. Foster & Son. It was a very old house even at that time, and, feeling the need of new blood, a partner was taken in from the outside. His name was McFarren, and he had formerly been a country newspaper publisher. Naturally he was a great believer in advertising, and he had no sooner settled to his new position than he undertook to make his house advertise. The Fosters, father and son, one a man of over seventy, the other about fifty, were violently opposed to the idea, but McFarren gave them no rest. Finally then, simply to quiet him, they consented, and a note was sent to a well-known newspaper company asking them to send their advertising manager. This company printed what are known as "patent insides"—that is, sheets printed on one side with miscellany, and a limited number of advertisements, the other side being left blank for local news to be printed in by the country publishers who buy these "patent insides." McFarren had been one of the customers of this firm and had great faith in the "list," as the combined papers were called. In response to the summons a representative of the newspaper company called. The Fosters explained to him that they were going to do about $2000 worth of advertising simply to please McFarren and asked him to draw the necessary contract. A few days after the contract was signed "copy" for the advertisement was sent to the publisher's office. It was a weird piece of writing, having neither head nor tail, the only thing apparent being that G. W. Foster & Company wanted the readers of the "lists" to buy "Wilmington Pine Tar." The advertising man at once carried the copy back to the Fosters, whom he found together.

"This won't do at all," he said; "nobody can make anything of it. You had better let me help you prepare some copy that will bring results."

What's the matter with it?" demanded Mr. Foster, the elder.

"Why, it tells nothing. All that I can make out is that it's about 'Wilmington Pine Tar,' and you don't even say what that is and what it's to be used for."

The two Fosters made no attempt to conceal their contempt.

"What," said the son sarcastically, "would pine tar be but pine tar? And every fool knows what pine tar is used for aboard ships."

"But," protested the advertising man, "our papers don't go to sailormen. Practically all of them are published in towns that lie high and dry in the interior, and not one of our readers in a thousand has ever seen even a lake schooner. They wouldn't be interested in pine or any other kind of tar."

"Well, then, they ought to, and it's that copy or nothing," declared Mr. Foster decisively. "We make more money on our 'Wilmington Pine Tar' than anything else we carry, and it's our staple. So you may take it or leave it."

Of course, the copy was taken. About six weeks later came a note from Mr. Foster, Junior, asking the advertising man to call.

"We are thoroughly disgusted with our advertising experiment," Mr. Foster said before his caller could fairly sit down. "We haven't had even a single inquiry."

"Of course you haven't. I told you you wouldn't. Our people have no use for 'Wilmington Pine——'"

"Well," interrupted Mr. Foster, waving that foolish question aside, "we want to cancel our contract. Of course, we know we are legally bound for the whole sum, but we want to know what bonus you will accept to call the advertising off as it stands."

The advertising man tried again to explain that the wrong line had been picked out for advertising, but Mr. Foster cut him short again.

"We're tired of the whole thing, I tell you. It's a nuisance and a failure. Now, what will you take to call it off?"

This exasperated the advertising man.

"Publishers are no pirates, Mr. Foster," said he. "They don't want to carry advertising that does not pay the man who orders it. I took your foolish tar ad simply because I thought you'd be reasonable later and advertise some of the other goods you carry that our people would buy. But if you won't you won't, and we will cancel your contract."

"And what bonus do you ask?"

"Bonus? No bonus. We don't hold people up for money. You pay pro rata for what you've used and let that end the matter."

Mr. Foster was astounded and made no attempt to conceal it. He thought that advertising men were like lightning rod men, their aim being simply to get all the money possible. This way of doing was unexpected, and he mellowed so that it became possible to explain the science of advertising and the hopelessness of offering pine tar to people who didn't even know there was such a commodity except as they had read of it in their family Bibles.

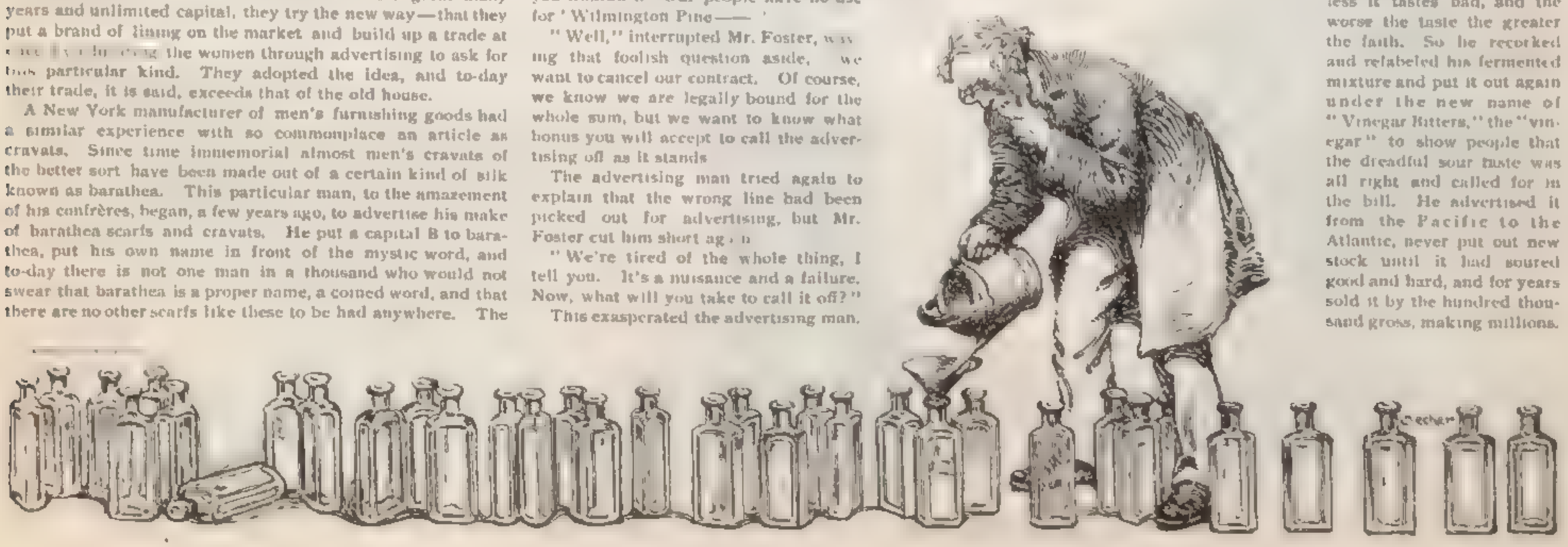
"I'll tell you what I'll do," continued the advertising man after this much was made clear. "We'll call this contract off, but in order that you may learn what real advertising will do, I'll make this proposition:

"You carry a side line of awnings, rope, horse covers, grange regalia, flags and a lot of other things our readers use. We are just completing a new building. You equip that building with awnings, and we'll give you enough advertising space to pay for the work. But let me write your advertisements."

The deal was made on this basis, and as a starter an advertisement was run of the firm's outfit of grange regalia. Instantly the orders began to pour in and the house soon had the largest trade in the country in grange regalia, flags, horse covers and the other things required by the farmers and others who read the country weeklies. The house continued to advertise heavily until the business was wound up owing to the death of all the partners.

The Temperance Man Who Knew Human Nature

BUT if careful wording, judicious display, the full worth of the goods are generally held to be necessary in all advertising, medicine is one thing that will sell and pay to advertise regardless of its value. Anything else to be successfully exploited through printers' ink must have substantial merit, so that a man who buys once will continue as a purchaser, but a medical preparation may be advertised with profit, regardless of its capacity to do the things promised. This is due in the first place to the enormous margin of profit in patent medicines, the bottles that carry them costing generally more than the mixture itself, and in the second place to the endless army of patent medicine "fiends" that exists in the world. These people will go right on buying every new cure-all that comes along. The story of a preparation known in its day as Vinegar Bitters illustrates this peculiarity. This preparation was originally put on the market under another name by a California doctor. He was a temperance man of the firmest conviction. He made up his mind that the great success achieved by a number of brands of bitters then on the market could be duplicated by a Temperance Bitters, something that, unlike the others, should not be based on alcohol. So he put up a big stock, sent it out to the jobbers and began to advertise. It took about three months to work up the demand, and then to the temperance man's horror it was found that all the stock he had put out had fermented and soured, so that it was all thrown back on his hands. There are still alive to-day persons who tasted this stuff, and they are unanimous in saying that nothing more awful was ever put into the human mouth. But the doctor was a shrewd judge of human nature, and he knew that there are millions of people in this world who don't believe they are getting a real curative medicine unless it tastes bad, and the worse the taste the greater the faith. So he recorked and relabeled his fermented mixture and put it out again under the new name of "Vinegar Bitters," the "vinegar" to show people that the dreadful sour taste was all right and called for in the bill. He advertised it from the Pacific to the Atlantic, never put out new stock until it had soured good and hard, and for years sold it by the hundred thousand gross, making millions.



Despotism and Democracy

A Study in Washington Society and Politics

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CHAPTER V

CRANE was in nowise disappointed at the sensation his published letter made. The justice of his position was at once apparent. But it was equally apparent that he was making a serious break in the political dykes which held the party together in his State against the ocean of the party opposed to it. Under Senator Bicknell's rule insubordination had gradually crept in. The late landslide, which had elected a Congress in opposition to the party in power, increased the importance of States like Crane's, where the balance of power shifted about every ten years between the two parties. Senator Bicknell, in the seclusion of his boudoir—for such was his luxurious den in reality—tore his hair and used all of the expletives permissible in polite society. In a week or two Governor Sanders, without any further newspaper controversy, appointed to the vacant Senatorship Mr. Michael Patrick Mulligan, a gentleman of Hibernian descent, who had made a vast fortune out of manufacturing pies by the wholesale, and who cherished an honorable ambition to legislate for the hated Saxon. Senator Bicknell, Crane and everybody in the State knew of Mr. Michael Patrick Mulligan, who was commonly called Mince Pie Mulligan. He was a ward politician of the sort peculiarly unhampered by prejudices or principles, who bought and sold votes by wholesale, very much as he bought and sold pies. He was totally without education, but by no means without brains, and proposed to himself a seat in the Senate as an agreeable diversion, without the least idea of doing anything beyond voting as directed by "the boss"—for so he designated the Senator who was chairman of the National Committee of Mr. Mulligan's party. It was, on the whole, about as harmless an appointment as could be made. Mulligan's private life was perfectly clean, and he was known to have an open hand for charity, and never to have forgotten a friend. It gave both Senator Bicknell and Crane a breathing spell, and they were willing enough to put up with Mince Pie Mulligan until the first of January.

Senator Bicknell, although easy enough in his mind about Mulligan, was far from easy about Crane, who had gone up like a rocket, but showed no disposition to come down like a stick. The Senator got into the way of stealing over to the House, "just to see how things are going"—in reality to see how Crane was going—and it scared him to observe how Crane was making good his footing everywhere. His first triumph, even after subtracting Thorndyke's assistance, had been a real triumph. Following hard on this came his controversy with the Governor, in which he clearly had the best of it. The shrewd men in his party saw that in the readjustment of allegiances Crane must be counted, and the chairman of the National Committee said as much to Senator Bicknell when the two discussed the war between the Governor and Representative Crane. When the chairman said that, Senator Bicknell felt as Henry IV of England felt when he saw the Prince of Wales trying on the crown before the looking glass.

Meanwhile, Thorndyke was speeding West, and after a week's absence he turned Eastward again, escorting Annette Crane and her two children to Washington, as he had suggested to Crane. Annette, being acute, as most women are, in affairs of the heart, knew the very first time Thorndyke mentioned Constance Maitland that he was in love with her. When he said that he had known her long ago, on Lake Como, and proceeded to describe the beauty of those Italian days and nights, Annette Crane was convinced that it was in those sweet hours that Thorndyke had first loved Constance Maitland. Women have no conscience in probing the love affairs of men, reckoning them the common property of the sex, and while Thorndyke was blithely unconscious that he had revealed anything, Annette was in full possession of all the essential facts. Also, Thorndyke let out that Crane knew Constance Maitland. Crane had never mentioned Constance's name to his wife. That was in itself enough to give Annette a painful interest in this woman who, as Thorndyke said, could charm the birds off the bushes.

When the train came bumping into Washington, on a pleasant May afternoon, Crane was waiting at the station. He seemed delighted to meet his family again, and indeed, on seeing them, a kind of tenderness came over him. He kissed his children affectionately, to which they submitted. Just behind them was a shabby one-armed man, whom a girl of ten was hugging and kissing with little gurgles of delight. Crane wished that his children had met him like that.

He thanked Thorndyke warmly for taking care of Annette, who said a few words of earnest thanks, and gave him a smile that meant much more. The children bade him good-by with outspoken regret, and would not be comforted until Thorndyke promised to take them to the Zoo the next Sunday to see the baby elephant.

As the party came out of the station together a handsome little victoria whirled by. In it sat Constance Maitland, her delicate mauve draperies enveloping her, a black lace parasol shading her head, and a filmy white veil over her face. By her side sat a little, withered old lady in rusty black—one of the flotsam and jetsam of weary old people who drift to Washington to die. It was one of Constance Maitland's pet charities to take these weary old people to drive, and in so doing to wear her loveliest gowns, her most exquisite hats—a delicate compliment unfailingly appreciated.

She did not see Thorndyke and the Cranes as they walked out of the station, but both men saw her. Annette Crane had abundant confirmation of her hypothesis about Thorndyke. His clean-cut but rather plain features became almost handsome as he watched the passing vision of the woman he loved. Of far more interest to Annette was Crane's countenance. It was full of expression, and he was totally untrained in controlling it. There was in his eyes a strange and complex look, which Annette interpreted instantly to mean, "You are the type of woman I most admire and to whom I most aspire." It struck her to the heart—but unlike Crane, she had acquired an admirable composure which made her mistress of herself. She was glad, however, that Constance had not seen her first after two days of hard travel.

When the Cranes had reached the suburban villa where Crane lived a number of letters and dispatches were awaiting him. Two or three men, Hardeman among them, came out that evening to see him. From them Annette found out the great struggle in which her husband was engaged. He had scarcely mentioned it to her.

Not a word of inquiry or reproach from her followed. When Crane, however, alluded to the great fight some days afterward he was a little staggered to find that Annette knew as much about it as anybody. A study of the newspaper files at the National Library had enlightened her.

Thorndyke did not see Constance for some days after his return—that is to say, he did not show himself to her. But he resumed his nightly prowl in her neighborhood—a practice ridiculous or pathetic according to the view one takes of a honorable and sensitive man, whose honor stands between him and the love of his life. On the third day, though, he had his recompense, for, strolling through the beautiful but unfashionable Smithsonian grounds, he met Constance Maitland driving, and in response to a timid request on his part she took him in the victoria, and they had a delicious hour to themselves under the great, overhanging elms and lindens.

SENATOR MINCE PIE MULLIGAN

She showed a truly feminine curiosity about Annette Crane, whom Thorndyke praised unstintedly, and when he asked Constance to call on Mrs. Crane, Constance replied that she already intended to do so. Indeed, a few afternoons later Constance drove out to the Cranes' suburban villa, but Mrs. Crane was not at home. Constance was disappointed; her curiosity to see Crane's wife was unabated. Ten days afterward, on a warm afternoon, Constance sat in her cool drawing-room, fresh in its summer dress of linen covers, bead portières, and shaded by awnings, waiting for her carriage. Mrs. Crane was announced. The first impression that Constance got of Annette Crane was that she was exquisitely dressed. Her gown was a delicate pale blue muslin, her hat a white straw trimmed with white ribbons. Both gown and hat were of her own creation and the whole outfit had cost less than ten dollars—but not the greatest man-milliner in Paris ever turned out anything more becoming to Annette's simple and natural beauty than she herself had evolved from the "Emporium" at Circleville. The daintiness and freshness of it were charming, and when in moving she accidentally displayed a snowy, lace-edged petticoat, this daintiness and freshness were emphasized.

Never in her life had Annette looked forward to a visit with the same dislike as this one. But by some magic of thought and feeling, the instant she came face to face with Constance Maitland, Annette Crane knew she had a friend. In a moment she was at ease. Like a woman of the world in the best sense, Constance at once found something in common to talk about, and the two sat in the friendliest conversation possible, each singularly pleased with the other.

Seeing Constance dressed to go out and the victoria standing at the door, Annette, after paying a short visit, rose to go, and with more reluctance than she had thought possible.

"If you are returning home, perhaps you will allow me to drive you out?" said Constance affably, and Annette accepted without any demurs.

Seated together in the carriage the conversation between the two turned on Thorndyke. Annette expressed frankly the deep regard she had for him, and described her efforts to keep the children from annoying him, while Thorndyke, from simple tolerance of them at first, had become an accomplished child-spoiler and destroyer of parental discipline. Constance spoke of Thorndyke as frankly and without the least embarrassment, but Annette, who had surmised very readily where Constance stood in the regard of the two men, one of them her own husband, had little difficulty in settling to her satisfaction that Miss Maitland had a particular regard for Mr. Thorndyke.

After driving for three-quarters of an hour along a suburban road they came to the cottage where the Cranes had established their quarters. It was near six o'clock, and Crane had returned early from the Capitol. He was sitting on the veranda reading to Roger and Elizabeth when Constance Maitland's carriage drove up.

Since the meeting with his children and noting their perfectly respectful but perfectly evident indifference toward him, Crane had received a blow where he least expected it. He was surprised at the degree to which it affected him. Their laughing eyes, suddenly growing demure on his approach, haunted him amid the hurly-burly of debate and in long conferences on his political future. Impelled by all the natural impulses, Crane determined to try to win his children's hearts, and as a beginning he had come home early from the House that day, bringing with him a book to read to them. The reading had been a success, and in the midst of it Crane looked up and saw the victoria approaching with his wife and Constance Maitland in it. He rose at once and walked down the shady path to where the carriage stood. The children, hand in hand, followed after, blowing kisses to their mother.

Crane was so possessed with the idea that Annette, as a native of Circleville, must be far inferior to Constance that he had a shock of surprise when he saw the two women actually compared, and realized that Annette was by no means cast into the shade. Constance was conscious of this, but good-naturedly wished Annette to have the benefit of it.

Crane talked pleasantly with Constance for a few minutes, Annette still sitting in the carriage. He was certainly remarkably handsome, as the declining sun shone on his clear-cut olive face, with the little rings of dark brown hair showing on his forehead. Constance thought the Cranes the handsomest couple she had seen for a long time. The

CONSTANCE FOUND HERSELF ON THE ARM OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR

children were introduced, behaved well—as American children seldom do—and then Constance said to Annette

"I shall soon be closing my house for the season, but before doing so I shall hope to have you and Mr. Crane to dinner with me some evening."

"We will come with pleasure," replied Annette, and a day was set for the following week.

Constance returned to town, thinking to herself what a fool Crane must be not to be satisfied with such a wife as Annette

CHAPTER II

ON THE evening of the dinner there was to be a belated reception at the White House in honor of an international commission which had just opened its sittings in Washington, and it was arranged that the dinner should be somewhat early, that the whole party, being invited to the White House, might adjourn there.

The rest of the guests were assembled in Constance's drawing-room before the Cranes arrived. Crane himself always looked superbly handsome in evening clothes, and Annette's appearance was scarcely inferior in another way As on her first meeting with Constance, Annette gave the impression of being exquisitely gowned. A simple white crêpe, cut low, showed off her beautiful arms and shoulders, and a few moss rosebuds in their green leaves gave the needed touch of color to her costume. Simplicity is always the last form of elegance to be attained, and Annette Crane had attained it. There was no mistaking the fact that she made a most agreeable impression—that every man present admired her, and every woman present liked her. Crane felt like rubbing his eyes and pulling his ears. Was this his submissive Annette? He half expected her to call attention to the fact that he had been rather dull at the dinner, but although Annette knew it quite as well as he did she forebore to mention it.

When they reached the White House there was the usual crowd of carriages, their lamps twinkling like myriads of stars in the soft spring night, the roar of horses' hoofs upon the asphalt, the crowds of gayly-dressed women in evening gowns disembarking at the north portico, the blare of music from the red-coated band within the corridors. Constance Maitland, on Sir Mark le Poer's arm, and followed by her dinner guests, presently found herself shaking hands with the President and bowing to the line of ladies of the Administration which extended across the oval reception-room

When she reached the point whence ingress is had to that select region known as "behind the line" she was invited with Thorndyke to join the elect. The President himself had stopped Crane for a word with him, and on having Mrs Crane presented had promptly invited her behind the line. This was partly due to the white crêpe gown

In the general mix-up that followed in the hallowed spot Constance found herself one of a group near Mrs. Hill-Smith on the arm of the British Ambassador, and Eleanor Baldwin and the Honorable Edward George Francis Castlestuart-Stuart. Close by were Mrs. James Brentwood Baldwin and Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin, and Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin was gravitating toward the Secretary of State who loomed large at hand.

Drifting toward the Secretary and Mr. Baldwin was a very odd-looking object, whom Thorndyke whispered to Constance was Senator Mince Pie Mulligan. These three got into conversation, very languid on the part of the Secretary and Mr James Brentwood Baldwin, but very strenuous on the part of Senator Mince Pie Mulligan. A part of Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin's coyness came from the fact that he and Senator Mulligan were old acquaintances—a fact which Mr. Baldwin had no disposition to brag about

The new Senator had a head of blazing red hair which was as good as a stove on a cold night. He might have stepped bodily from the pages of the comic weeklies as regarded his contours, but his small light-blue eye glittered with humor and shrewdness, while his great slit of a mouth, which divided his face fairly in the middle, had lines of both sense and kindliness. He was enjoying himself hugely and was not afraid to let anybody see it. Not so Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin or the Secretary of State—that a Senator is a Senator to the Secretary of State and Secretary Slater had in mind other treaties to be laid before the Senate, and so was fairly civil to Senator Mulligan. Mince Pie, himself, was much struck by the appearance of Eleanor Baldwin, who was easily the handsomest woman present, except her mother, but although Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin owned up that Eleanor was his daughter, he made no move to introduce Senator Mulligan to her.

However, the situation was not so easily to be elided; Mrs. Baldwin approached the group, and at sight of her Mr. Mulligan held out his hand, and a broad smile carried the corners of his mouth back to his ears

"Why, Nora Hogan," he cried, "it's good for sore eyes to see you. I haven't seen you before for twenty-five years Jim Baldwin didn't tell me, just now when I was talking with him, that you were here, an' didn't introduce me to his daughter, though I gave him some pretty broad hints. Sure, you know Mike Mulligan, who was clerk in your father's store thirty years ago?"

"Certainly I do, Mike," responded Mrs. Baldwin, calmly and sweetly, offering her hand.

"A better man than your father, Dan Hogan, never lived," proclaimed Mr. Mulligan, addressing the circle, "an' it's the trainin' I got with him that's made my fortune. 'Dale square, Mike,' Dan Hogan would say—he had a beautiful brogue on him—'an' give the widders an' the orphins the turn of the scale whin you're sellin' 'em sugar an' starch an' such.' An' I've done it, Nora, in memory of good old Dan Hogan."

Mrs. Baldwin's face grew softer and softer as Mr. Mulligan proceeded. She was so great a lover of charity and had such beautiful humility of spirit that the idea of her father's example having moulded a man into a like charity gave her the deepest gratitude and pleasure.

But not so Eleanor, or Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin, who now appeared hovering on the edge of the group. Eleanor, her face very pale, fixed her eyes on Senator Mulligan with a haughty stare which he perfectly understood and resented. A gleam shot into his eye which showed that he meant to pay her back for her insolence. Mr. Baldwin, in the most acute misery, practiced the goosestep and tried to stem the tide of Senator Mulligan's eloquence.

"Er—ah—eh—Mr. Mulligan, your compliments to the late Mr. Daniel Hogan are very much appreciated by me as well as Mrs. Baldwin, especially as I [illegible] with pleasure—what is more important—er—[illegible] were [illegible] meeting [illegible] place. For myself, success has no real charm for me," continued Mr. Baldwin, turning to the British Ambassador. "I have been reasonably successful, but my taste always lay in the way of books I live among my books."

Up to this time Mr Mulligan had spoken with a very fair Irish accent, but now he chose to lapse into the most luxuriant brogue that ever grew on the green sod of Erin. This was accompanied with a wink to Constance, which gave her extreme enjoyment, and a nudge in the Ambassador's ribs, which he did not in the least resent

"Faith, an' it's the way yez always was, Jim Baldwin," cried Mince Pie Mulligan. "Whin you an' me was luggin' the buckets of butter an' jugs of the most illigant molasses to th' cushtomers, it was you, Jim Baldwin, as was always a-savin' yer tin cints to buy a book. An' when yez was a-coortin' Dan Hogan's pretty daughter, ye'd actually mourn over the ice cream yez filled her up wid bekase it wasn't books wid a gilt bindin'!"

At this point Mr. Mulligan squared himself off and distributed a general wink around the circle, including Eleanor, who glared at him like a basilisk. Mrs. Hill-Smith felt acutely for her dear Eleanor, but being secretly consumed with curiosity about antecedents as new to her as they were to Constance Maitland could not forbear remaining. A relentless fate seemed to direct Senator Mulligan's tongue, and turning to her the Senator said cheerfully and without the least encouragement:

"An' I'm tould ye're the granddaughter of Cap'n Josh Slater, that I knew like me ould hat when I was but a laad an' he Cap'n of the River Queen, one o' the floatin' palaces of the day."

Mrs. Hill-Smith trembled a little, but answered coldly:

"I think you must have been misinformed."

"Well, hardly," responded Senator Mulligan blithely, "since it was your own father as tould me not half an hour ago. I knew th' ould man well—an' an honest ould cuss he was, but for tobacco chewin' an' bad whisky ye'll not find his match bechune here an' the lakes o' Killarney. He knew how to turn th' honest pinny though, did ould man Slater. No givin' of widders an' orphins the turn of the scale, nor the turn of a hair neither—he was out for the last rid cint. He was a good-looking ould chap when he was washed up an' had on a clean shirt. And now I'll say I think you're like him—raymarkably like him—an' it's up to you to prove that he wasn't your grandfather, I egorra."

Had a bomb with a burning fuse dropped at Mrs. Hill-Smith's feet she couldn't have been more astounded. She looked from Mince Pie Mulligan's laughing face to Eleanor Baldwin's, and then glanced helplessly around the circle. It was impossible not to see that, though Ambassadors are not supposed to laugh, the British Ambassador had abandoned all hope of keeping serious. Constance was laughing frankly, Thorndyke was in quiet convulsions, Castlestuart Stuart and Senator Mulligan were exchanging sympathetic grins—and then Eleanor Baldwin said with the air of an offended queen:

"Papa, give me your arm."

This Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin, with a heightened color, did—but not before Senator Mulligan genially remarked.

"Well, the best of friuds must part, so here's good-by an' good luck to yez, Jim Baldwin; an' I'll say to you, Miss Baldwin, I hope ye'll live an' die as honest as ould Danny Hogan, your grandfather, an' a better man never stepped shoe-leather." And then turning to Mrs. Hill-Smith "I commind to you th' example of your grandfather, Cap'n Josh Slater, that I had the honor of knowin' an' who always got what he wanted an' was an agreeable man enough, barrin' the bad tobacco an' mean whisky."

With these words Senator Mince Pie Mulligan bowed himself off, leaving a great trail of social devastation behind him

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BY HER SIDE SAT A LITTLE, WITHERED OLD LADY IN RUSTY BLACK

THE LITERARY SENSE

The Obvious—By E. NESBIT

HER EYES WERE SHINING WITH THE EXCITEMENT OF THIS FESTIVAL

HE HAD the literary sense but he had it as an inverted instinct. He had a keen perception of the dramatically fitting in art, but no opposing vision of the fitting in life. Life and art, indeed, he found from his earliest years difficult to disentwine, and later impossible to disentangle. And to disentangle and disentwine them became at last the point of honor to him.

He first knew that he loved her on the occasion of her "coming-of-age party." His people and hers lived in the same sombre London square: their Haslemere gardens were divided only by a sunk fence. He had known her all his life. Her coming of age succeeded but by a couple of days his return from three years of lazy philosophic study in Germany, and the sight of her took his breath away. In the time-honored *cliché* of the hurried novelist—too hurried to turn a new phrase for an idea as old as the new life of spring—he had left a child: he found a woman. She wore a soft, satiny-white gown that showed gleams of rose color through its folds. There were pink hollyhock blossoms in the brown of her hair. Her eyes were shining with the excitement of this festival of which she was the goddess. He lost his head, danced with her five times, and carried away a crumpled hollyhock bloom that had fallen from her hair during the last Lancers through which he had watched her. It was not till, alone again at his hotel, he pulled out the hollyhock flower with his ball program that he awoke to a full sense of the insipid flatness of the new situation.

He had fallen in love—was madly *épris*, at any rate—and the girl was the girl whose charms, whose fortune, whose general suitability as a match for him had been dinned into his ears ever since he was a callow boy at Oxford, and she a long black-silk legged, short frocked tomboy of fourteen. Every one had always said that it was the obvious thing. And now he had, for once, done exactly what was expected of him, and his fine literary sense revolted. The worst of all was that she seemed not quite to hate him. Better, a thousand times better, that he should have loved and longed and never won a smile from her—that he should have sacrificed something, anything, and gone his lonely way. But she had smiled on him—undoubtedly she had smiled—and he did not want to play the part so long ago assigned to him by his people. He wanted to be Sidney Carton. Darnay's had always seemed to him the inferior rôle.

Yet he could not keep his thoughts from her, and for what was left of the year his days and nights were a restless see-saw of longing and repulsion—advance and retreat. His moods were reflected in hers, but always an interview later—that is to say, if he was cold on Tuesday, she on Thursday would be colder. If on Thursday he was tender, Sunday would find her kind. But he, by that time, was frigid. So that they never, after the first wildly beautiful evening when their hearts went out to each other in a splendor of primitive frankness, met in moods that chimed.

This safeguarded him. It irritated her, and it most successfully bewitched them both.

His people and her people looked on, and were absolutely and sadly convinced that—as her brother put it to his uncle—it was "no go." Thereupon a certain young-old cotton-broker appearing on the scene and bringing gifts with him, her people began to put pressure on her. She loathed the cotton-broker and said so. One afternoon every one was by careful accident got out of the way and the cotton-broker caught her alone. That night there was a scene. Her father talked a little too much of obedience and of duty; her mother played the hysterical symphony with the loud pedal hard down—and next morning the girl had vanished, leaving the conventional note of farewell on the pincushion.

Now the two families being on all counts close allies had bought jointly a piece of land near the Littlestone golf links and on it had built a bungalow, occupied by members of either house in turn, according to any friendly arrangement that happened to commend itself. But at this time of the year folk were keeping Christmas season dismally in their town houses.

It was on the day when the cotton broker made his failure that the whole world seemed suddenly worthless to the man with the hollyhock bloom in his pocketbook, because he had met her at a dance and he had been tender—but she, reflecting his mood of their last meeting, had been glacial. So he lied roundly to his people, and told them that he was going to spend a week or two with an old chum who was staying up for the vacation at Cambridge, and, instead, he chose the opposite point of the compass, took train to New Romney, and walked over to the squat one-storied bungalow of the sea. Here he let himself in with the family latch-key, and set to work with the help of a box from the stores, borne behind him with his portmanteau on a hand-cart, to keep Christmas by himself. This at least was not literary. It was not in the least what a person in a book would do. He lit a fire in the dining room, and the chimney was damp and smoked abominably, so that when he had fed full on tinned meats he was fain to let the fire go out and to sit in his fur-lined overcoat by the becindered grate, now fast growing cold, and smoke pipe after pipe of gloomy reflection. He certainly laid to heart the old advice to put *that* in his pipe and smoke it. He put everything in his pipe and smoked it. The cursed countenance which his people were ready to give to the match that he couldn't make—her maddening indecisions, his own idiotic variableness. The lamp began to smell vilely and he blew it out, and did not light candles because it was too much trouble. So the early winter dusk had deepened into night. And the bitter north wind had brought the snow, and it drifted now in feather-soft touches against the windows.

He thought of the good warm dining-room in Russell Square—of the gathering of aunts and uncles and cousins, uncongenial perhaps, but still human, and he shivered in his fur-lined coat and his icy solitude, damning himself for the fool he knew he was.

And, even as he damned, his breath was stopped and his heart leaped at the sound, faint but unmistakable, of a key in the front door. If a man exists not too remote from his hairy ancestors to have lost the habit of the pricking ear he was that man. He pricked his ears, so far as a modern man may, and listened.

The key grated in the lock—grated and turned—the door was opened—and banged again. Something was set down in the little passage, set down thumpingly and wholly without precaution. He heard a hand move along the partition of match-boarding. He heard the latch of the kitchen door rise and fall—and he heard the scrape and spurt of a struck match.

He sat still. He would catch this burglar red-handed.

Through the ill fitting partitions of the jerry-built bungalow he could hear the intruder moving recklessly in the kitchen. The legs of chairs and tables grated on the brick floor.

He took off his shoes, rose, and crept out through the passage toward the kitchen door. It stood ajar. A clear-cut slice of light came from it. Treading softly in his stockinged feet he came to it and looked in. One candle, stuck in a blue saucer, burned on the table. A weak blue and yellow glimmer came from some sticks in the fireplace.

Kneeling in front of this, breathless with the endeavor to blow the damp sticks to flame, crouched the burglar. A woman. A girl. She had laid aside hat and cloak. The first sight of her was like a whirlwind sweeping over heart and brain. For the bright brown hair that the candle-light lingered in was like her dear brown hair, and when she rose suddenly and turned toward the door his heart stood still, for it was she—her very self.

She had not seen him. He retreated—in all the stillness his tortured nerves allowed—and sat down again in the fur coat and the dining-room. She had not heard him. He was, for some moments, absolutely stunned, then he crept to the window. In the poignant stillness of the place he could hear the heavy flakes of snow dabbing softly at the glass.

She was here. She, like him, had fled to this refuge confident in its desertion at this season by each of the families who shared a right to it. She was there—he was here. Why had she fled? The question did not want to be answered—it sank before the other question. What was he to do? The whole literary soul of the man cried out against either of the obvious courses of action.

"I can go in," he said, "and surprise her, and tell her I love her, and then walk out into the night and leave her alone here. That's conventional and dramatic. Or I can sneak off without her knowing I've been here at all—and leave her to spend the night unprotected in this infernal frozen dog hutch. That's conventional enough, Heaven knows. But what's the use of being a reasonable human being with free-will if you can't do anything but the literarily and romantically obvious."

Here a sudden noise thrilled him. Next moment he drew a long breath of relief. She had but dropped a gridiron. As it crashed and settled down with a rhythmic rattle on the kitchen flags the thought flowed through him like a river of Paradise: "If she did love me—what an hour and what a moment this would be!"

Meantime she, her hands helpless with cold, was dropping clattering gridirons not five yards from him.

Suppose he went out to the kitchen and suddenly announced himself. How flat—how obvious! Suppose he crept quietly away and went to the inn at New Romney.

How desperately flat! How more than obvious!

Suppose he—but the third course refused itself to the desperate clutch of his drowning imagination, and left him clinging to the bare straw of a question. What should he do?

Suddenly the really knightly and unconventional idea occurred to him, an idea that would save him from the pit of the obvious, yawning on each side of him.

There was a bicycle shed, where also wood was stored, and coal and lumber of all sorts. He would pass the night there—warm in his fur coat and his determination not to let his conduct be shaped by "what people in books would have done." And in the morning—strong with the great renunciation of all the possibilities that this evening's meeting held—he would come and knock at the front door—just like anybody else—and—*Qui vivra verra*. At least he would be watching over her rest, and would be able to protect the house from tramps.

Very gently and cautiously, all in the dark, he pushed his bag behind the sofa, covered the store box with a Liberty cloth from a side table, crept out softly, and softly opened the front door—it opened softly, that is; but it shut with an unmistakable click that stung in his ears as he stood on one foot on the snowy doorstep struggling with the knots of his shoelaces.

The bicycle shed was uncompromisingly dark and smelt of coal sacks. He found a corner, between the coals and the wood, and sat down on the floor.

"Bother the fur coat," was his answer to the doubt whether coal dust and broken twigs were a good down-setting for that triumph of the Bond Street art. There he sat, full of a chastened joy at the thought that he watched over her—that he, sleepless, untiring, was on guard, ready, at an instant's warning, to spring to her aid should she need protection. The thought was mightily soothing. The shed was cold—the

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of three short stories, each complete in itself—three instances of the literary sense.

fur coat was warm. In five minutes he was sleeping peacefully as any babe

When he awoke it was with the light of a big horn lantern in his eyes and in his ears the snapping of wood

She was there—stooping beside the heaped faggots, breaking off twigs to fill the lap of her up-gathered blue gown; the shimmery silk of her petticoat gleamed greenly. He was partly hidden by a derelict bicycle and a watering can

He hardly dared to draw breath

Composedly she broke the twigs. Then like a flash she turned toward him

"Who's there?" she said

An inspiration came to him—and this at least was not flat or obvious. He writhed into the darkness behind a paraffine cask—slipped out of his fur coat and plunged his hands in the dust of the coal.

"Don't be 'ard on a pore cove, mum," he mumbled, desperately rubbing the coal dust on to his face; "you wouldn't go for to turn a dawg out on a night like this, let alone a pore chap outer work."

Even as he spoke he admired the courage of the girl. Alone, miles from any other house, she met a tramp in an outhouse as calmly as though he had been a fly in the butter.

"You've no business here, you know," she said briskly. "What did you come for?"

"Shelter, mum—I won't take nothing as don't belong to me—not so much as a lump of coal, mum."

She turned her head. He almost thought she smiled.

"But I can't have tramps sleeping here," she said

"It's not as if I was a reg'lar tramp," he said, warming to his part as he had often done on the stage in his A. D. C days. "I'm a respectable working-man, mum, as 'as seen better days."

"Are you hungry?" she said. "I'll give you something to eat if you'll come to the door in five minutes."

He could not refuse—but when she was gone into the house he could bolt. So he said:

"Now may the blessing! It's starving I am, mum, and on Christmas Eve."

This time she did smile: it was beyond a doubt. He had always thought her smile charming. She turned at the door and her glance followed the lantern's rays as they pierced the darkness where he crouched.

The moment he heard the house door shut he sprang up, lifted the fur coat gingerly to the woodblock. Flight, instant flight! Yet how could he present himself at New Romney with a fur coat and a face like a collier's? He had drawn a bucket of water from the well earlier in the day—some would be left—it was close by the back door. He tiptoed over the snow and washed and washed and washed. He was drying face and hands with a pocket handkerchief that seemed strangely cold and small when the door opened suddenly, and there close by him was she, silhouetted against the warm glow of fire and candles

"Come in,' she said; "you can't possibly see to wash out there"

Before he knew it her hand was on his arm, and she had drawn him in to the warmth and light

He looked at her—but her eyes were on the fire

"I'll give you some warm water and you can wash at the sink," she said, closing the door and taking the kettle from the fire

He caught sight of his face in the square of looking glass over the sink

Was it worth while to go on pretending? His face was still very black. She evidently had not recognized him. Perhaps—surely she would have the good taste to retire while the tramp washed, so that he could take his coat off? Then he could take flight—and the situation would be saved from absolute farce

But when she had poured the hot water into a bowl she sat down in the chair by the fire and gazed into the hot coals.

He washed

He washed till he was quite clean.

He dried face and hands on the rough towel. He dried them till they were scarlet and shone. But he dared not turn around.

There seemed no way out of this save by the valley of humiliation. Still she sat looking into the fire.

As he washed he saw with half a retroverted eye the round table spread with china and glass and silver.

"As I live—it's set for two," he told himself. And in an instant jealousy answered once and for all the questions he had been asking himself since August

"Aren't you clean yet?" she said at last.

How could he speak?

"Aren't you clean *yet?*" she repeated, and called him by his name. He turned then quickly enough. She was leaning back in the chair laughing at him.

"How did you know me?" he asked angrily

"Your tramp voice might have deceived me," she said, "you did do it most awfully well. But you see I'd been looking at you for ages before you woke"

"Then good-night," said he

"Good-night?" said she; "but it's not seven yet!"

"You're expecting some one," he said, pointing dramatically to the table

"Oh, *that*," she said; "yes—that was for—for the poor man as had seen better days. There's nothing but eggs—but I couldn't turn a dog from my door on such a night—till I'd fed it!"

"Do you really mean——?"

"Why not?"

"It's glorious!"

"It's a picnic."

"But?" said he

"Oh—well! Go if you like!" said she.

It was not only eggs. It was all sorts of things from that store box. And never had any picnic been so gay. He told her that he had been bored in town and had sought relief in solitude. That, she told him, was her case also. He told her how he had heard her come in and how he had hated to take either the obvious course of following her to the kitchen, saying "How do you do?" and retiring to New Romney, or the still more obvious course of sneaking away without asking her how she did. And he told her how he had decided to keep watch over her from the bicycle shed. And how the coal-black inspiration had come to him. And she laughed

"That was much more literary than anything else you could have thought of," said she; "it was exactly like a book. And oh—you've no idea how funny you looked."

They both laughed and there was a silence.

"Do you know," he said, "I can hardly believe that this is the first meal we've ever had alone. It seems as though——"

"It *is* funny," she said, smiling hurriedly at him

He did not smile. He said: "I want you to tell me why were you so angel-good—why did you let me stay? Why did you lay the pretty table for two."

"Because we've never been in the same mood at the same time," she said desperately, "and somehow I thought we should be this evening."

"What mood?" he asked inexorably

"Why—jolly—cheerful," she said with the slightest possible hesitation.

"I see."

There was another silence. Then she said in a voice that fluttered a little

"My old governess, Miss Pettingill—you remember old Pet? Well, she's coming by the train that gets in at eight I wired to her from town. She ought to be here by now——

"Ought she?" he cried, pushing back his chair and coming toward her—"ought she? Then, by Heaven, before she comes I'm going to tell you something——"

"No, don't!" she cried. "You'll spoil everything. Go and sit down again. You shall. I insist. Let *me* tell *you!* I always swore I would some day."

"Why?" said he, and sat down

"Because I knew *you'd* never make up your mind to tell *me*——"

"To tell you what?"

"Anything—for fear you should have to say it in the same way some one else had said it before."

Said what?"

"Anything! Sit still! Now *I'm* going to tell *you*."

She came slowly round the table and knelt on one knee beside him, her elbows on the arm of his chair

"You've never had the courage to make up your mind to anything," she began.

"Is that what you were going to tell me?" he asked, and looked in her eyes till she dropped their lids.

"No—yes—no; I haven't anything to tell you, really. Good night."

"Aren't you going to tell me?"

She hid her face in her hands

"There isn't anything to tell," she whispered

"Then I'll tell you," said he

She started up, and the little brass knocker's urgent summons resounded through the bungalow

"Here she is!" she cried.

He also sprang to his feet.

"And we haven't told each other anything!" he said

"Haven't we? Ah, no—Don't! Let me go—— There she's knocking again. You must let me go!"

He let her slip through his arms

At the door she paused to flash a soft, queer smile at him.

"It *was* I who told you after all!" she said. "Aren't you glad. Because that wasn't a bit literary."

"You didn't. I told you," he retorted

"Not you!" she said scornfully. "That would have been too obvious."

"SIT STILL! NOW I'M GOING TO TELL YOU"

To the Last Letter of the Law

A MAN who had been cashier of a Western bank came into the Post Office Department recently as a clerk.

In the course of his new duties he was required to write official letters of acknowledgment concerning the business that came over his desk

He took his first batch of letters to First Assistant Postmaster-General Wynne. They were all alike and began: "Dear Sir: Your favor of the 15th inst. received and contents noted. In reply I beg leave to state——"

"Here," said General Wynne, "this will not do. In Government letters of this kind you must not use the personal pronoun. The Government is impersonal. You must rewrite those letters."

"All right," answered the clerk, "I understand"

Some time later he came back with the new lot and laid them confidently on General Wynne's desk, saying: "Those are correct, I think. I have used no personal pronouns."

He had written: "Dear Sir: Your favor of the 15th inst. received and contents noted. In reply beg leave to state——"

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Happiness is hope, not experience.

¶ It is the bargain counter that keeps us poor.

¶ It's a poor gas meter that knows when the nights get shorter.

¶ The young have too little confidence in themselves; the old, in others.

¶ A woman who would like to do something and can't generally joins a club.

¶ Foreigners still find us crude, but they keep importing our refined products.

¶ Alaska has a cable now and the gold-hunters have a far easier time getting money — from home.

¶ One reason that Europe is behind America is that only a few of the leading men over there have American wives.

¶ In these days of high charges for electric lights the country needs another Benjamin Franklin. He brought electricity down.

Our Factory of Americans

TWENTY-ONE years ago we touched high-water mark in immigration, with three-quarters of a million arrivals. It looks as if that tremendous record would be beaten this year. In one day in April more than ten thousand immigrants landed at New York — the greatest day's work in the history of that port. One steamer brought 1341 Scandinavians, another nearly 1400 Italians, another almost 1600 Greeks, Italians, Arabs, Turks and Persians, a fourth over 2500 Poles and other Slavs, a fifth 270 Scotchmen, a sixth 525 Greeks, Turks and Arabs, and a seventh nearly 2600 Germans. In the first eleven days of April 41,200 immigrants of all nationalities invaded Ellis Island.

No wonder some of our kind friends across the Atlantic, looking at this appalling mixture, believe that we never can turn its varied ingredients into Americans. No such gigantic amalgamation of diverse races has ever been attempted since Caracalla made Roman citizens of all the inhabitants of his empire, and we may say that never in the history of the world has such an undertaking been successfully consummated.

But that does not prove that we shall fail. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that we shall succeed. We have been peculiarly fortunate in our preparation for the mighty work that is reversing the catastrophe of Babel. We have been a composite people from the beginning. The Thirteen Colonies were settled by Englishmen, Scotchmen, Scotch-Irish, Irish, Dutchmen, Swedes, Germans, Frenchmen and Negroes. Before the Revolution substantially all these, except the Negroes, had been welded into one homogeneous people, with a common language and common political ideals. For fifty years after that this people increased and solidified with little admixture from immigration, so that when new currents began to flow from Europe it was prepared to absorb them. It was a quarter of a century later still before the first great flood broke upon us. That deluge was Irish. In the fifties the problem of immigration was regarded as an Irish problem. The Know-Nothing protest was an anti-Irish movement. Irishmen captured our city governments, and our foreign policies were swayed by the prejudices of the "Irish vote."

But gradually the Irish freshet subsided, to be succeeded by a German stream. A quarter of a million German immigrants entered the country in a single year. German newspapers, theatres and churches sprang up and flourished. Had this continued there might have been some reason to fear that the Kaiser's dream of a huge, alien German colony in the United States would be realized. But it stopped in good time. Meanwhile the earlier Irish immigrants and their children had become thorough Americans, and were helping the original Americans to assimilate the Germans. The work was successfully accomplished, and now the Irish and Germans both are parts of that wonderful solvent that is Americanizing the newer arrivals.

We are receiving a good many Italians, Poles, Hungarians and Russian Jews at present, but it will be many years before their numbers compare with those of the Irish and Germans who have been already successfully assimilated. And by that time no doubt the stream will slacken, as the former streams have done. Meanwhile the races that have produced Marconi and Tesla will still further enrich a stock which the mixture of blood has made already the richest in the world.

The Bogey Man Banished

THE murders and uncleaner crimes which fill the papers every day are so much alike that they are apt to pall on us. Considered as literature the heroes are too commonplace. We are surprised to find that the man who banged his friend's head to a jelly the other day, or put strychnia in his coffee, bought his clothes from our own tailor and is known to our own chums as a clever, amusing fellow.

Are we really all then cut from the same cloth? Even the judges on the bench seem to confuse the sheep and the goats. One complimented a murderer the other day as a good father and a useful citizen — and what is more, he told the truth; and another, when a shameless woman calmly told the whole country how, day after day, she had disgraced her innocent daughters, condoled with her upon her "heavy sorrows."

Our fathers dealt in no such compliments. The judge put rue and tansy between him and the prisoner during the trial to ward off contagion from body and soul, and at the end recounted his crimes, held him up as a monster to the world, and put on the black cap while he prayed to God to have mercy on his soul.

An old chronicle of Newgate tells us how a murderer's dead body was placed standing on a high black car with his bloody clothes and ax, and, escorted by regiments of soldiers, all the police and bands of music, was drawn through the massed streets, stopping at last where Drury Lane intersects the Strand. There a deep pit was dug and the quartered body, with a stake driven through the heart, was lowered into it amid a roar of execration from all London.

There was no mincing matters as to the character of that fellow!

Does our modern change of attitude come from our growth in charity or simply from our better knowledge of ourselves? We have begun to find out that we are all like the Centaur, part man and part brute.

We begin to see, too, that most ill-doing is the result not of any abnormal, monstrous vice in us, but of virtues grown rank and poisonous. A flower run rampant kills the soil as much as any weed. The miser is at first only wisely prudent, the spendthrift only generous: passions which end in divorces and murders come into the lives of men who in their boyhood were more affectionate and impulsive than their fellows.

We all, if we have any mother wit, have found this out, and hence we have almost ceased to teach our boys of little fenced-in roads to little fenced-in heavens belonging to our own little sect, with all the rest of God's children shut out.

But we show them Smith in the dock and Pratt on the gallows and say, "You, too — but for the goodness of God and the power of fight that is in you."

Why Not a Naval Merger?

WHEN Nelson kidnaped the Danish fleet at Copenhagen he was seizing an instrument of war of European importance. When the combined squadrons of England, France and Russia destroyed the Turkish fleet at Navarino they were attacking a force that counted for something in international politics. When Prussia and Austria waylaid Denmark in 1864 the Danes had command of the sea. As lately as 1877 the Turks were stronger than the Russians on the Black Sea, and even after that Greece aspired to be a naval power.

But now the little countries are dropping out of the naval game. It is becoming too rich for their blood. Only the greatest Powers can afford it, or rather stand it, for the greatest of them cannot really afford it. A single modern battleship would pay for the entire fleet with which Nelson won Trafalgar. The entire revenue of Turkey, out of which the Sultan must pay all the expenses of his government, including the cost of maintaining his numerous family, is almost precisely the amount of this year's appropriation for the United States Navy. The cost of the British navy would support the government of Spain and leave a handsome margin for additional stealings. The whole Chinese Empire is run on a good deal less than the cost of the American navy.

Twenty years ago Italy had the third fleet in the world. Her naval strength surpassed that of Russia or Germany. Now she has politely cashed in her chips and withdrawn from the table. Chile and Argentina once had stronger fleets than ours. Now they have agreed to stop building and their new ships are for sale. Japan still thinks herself a great naval power, but the financial pace is too hot for her, and she will have to drop out. Practically Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany and the United States form a Naval Trust. In a few years any one of them will be a match at sea for all the other countries of the world combined.

It is a widely accepted maxim of economics that where combination is possible competition is impossible. Now that the number of competing establishments in the naval business has been so reduced, it seems as if the next development would be a "gentlemen's agreement" to stop a cutthroat rivalry. With battleships quoted at $7,500,000 apiece, one ship all round and two for England means an outlay of $45,000,000, with the relative strength of the Powers left precisely where it was before the money was spent. It seems as if it ought not to be impossible for statesmanship to find a way of avoiding that futile expenditure. Chile and Argentina have done it. Their naval rivalry was recently as acute as that of any two of the Great Powers, and relatively even more expensive, but they managed to tame it. If, instead of being named Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany and the United States, the maritime Powers were called Morgan, Rockefeller, Hill, Vanderbilt and Harriman, they would probably contrive to get around a table and agree upon some "administrative economies" to the general benefit of their bank accounts.

The Royal Incubus

ONE of the advantages of living under a republic is that there is nobody whose movements the illustrated papers are absolutely compelled to exploit. It is true that the President of the United States is a good camera subject, especially when he is as picturesque a character as Mr. Roosevelt, but editors have some little latitude even in dealing with the President. In England the movements of the King and the royal family are peremptorily "must" in the office of every weekly periodical, and no matter what London picture-paper you pick up you may count on finding at least a third of the illustrations devoted to illustrious faces with which you are already reasonably familiar.

In its issue of April 11, for instance, the Illustrated London News gave up the whole of its first page to a view of "King Edward's Visit to Lisbon. His Majesty and the King of Portugal Landing from the State Barge at Block House Square." The next illustrated page was filled with a picture of "The Ancient Portuguese Royal Barge, Bearing King Edward and Dom Carlos from the Yacht to the Shore." A double page centrepiece threw a number of sidelights on the visit, and another half-page reproduced some Roman antiquities presented to the Queen of Portugal.

The Graphic, of the same date, was equally copious in its attentions to the royal visit, and it had the special enterprise to illustrate "His Majesty's Bedroom," "The King's Sitting-Room," and "The Reception-Room" in the Portuguese palace. Presumably the views of "His Majesty's Pajamas" were fogged on the plates.

Now, His Majesty King Edward VII (or I, as the Scotch will have it) is a tolerably well-known personage. Even a Central Office detective could recognize him anywhere on sight. And "His Majesty Visiting Dom Carlos of Portugal" is not noticeably different in appearance from "His Majesty Laying the Cornerstone of the Dumfermline Institute for Destitute Paretics," or "His Majesty and the Countess of Warwick at Ascot," or "His Majesty Shooting Pheasants at Balmoral," or "His Majesty Decorating Private Finerty of the Enniskillen Fusileers," or "His Majesty Breaking the Bank at Tranby Croft." Consequently a prolonged course of English illustrated papers inevitably produces a sensation of monotony. Three pictures of His Majesty a week — a very low average — make 156 a year, or 1560 for ten years. In one sense the system is easy for the editors, if hard on the subscribers, for all they have to do is to keep in stock views of two or three suits of civilian clothes and all the military and naval uniforms in Europe, and one-third of the space in their papers is provided for. But when things of importance are happening in the world — and in this revolutionary age things of considerable moment are happening all the time — it is a little annoying to have the space available for live topics cut down to make room for royal fashion plates.

MEN and WOMEN

COLONEL HARRY HALL, of Pittsburg, the writer and orator, likes the prairie and goes West every summer. During his trip last year he was overtaken by night in a little village in Nebraska. He stayed at the local hotel. In the morning he wanted to take a bath and consulted the landlord about it.

The landlord shouted back to the kitchen: "Hey, Jim, this here gent wants to take a bath. Bring the fixin's."

Soon afterward a boy appeared carrying a cake of yellow soap, a towel and a pickax.

"What's the pickax for?" asked Hall.

"Why," said the landlord, "you'll have to dam up the crick."

His Identity Established

FRANK N. DOUBLEDAY, the New York publisher, is tall and broad-shouldered. He was rushing from the ferry the other day when a suave person, wearing a silk hat and exhibiting other signs of prosperity, approached him and said: "Why, how do you do, Mr. Williams? I am glad to see you again. How are all the folks?"

"Heavens," thought Doubleday, "after living in New York for twenty years I am about to be buncoed."

Then he smiled and replied affably: "I think you are mistaken. My name is not Williams."

"Can it be?" inquired the man with the silk hat. "The resemblance is marvelous. May I ask what is your name?"

Doubleday straightened himself to his full height. "Of course," he said. "It is no secret. My name is Tom Thumb."

Only as Old as He Felt

SENATOR EDMUND W. PETTUS, of Alabama, is eighty-two and the oldest man in the Senate. His predecessor was Senator Pugh. During Pugh's fight for reelection Mr. Pettus, then a lawyer in Selma, went to see Pugh about getting an appointment as judge.

"Pshaw, Pettus," said Pugh loftily, "you are too old to be a judge."

Pettus stood and looked at Pugh for a minute. Then he announced with great deliberation: "Well, if I am too old to be a judge I am not too old to be a United States Senator."

He wasn't, either, for he went out and defeated Pugh and took the Senatorship himself.

No man could be so wise as Pettus looks, but his looks belie his wisdom but little, at that. He is learned in the law and especially well versed in the Bible and Shakespeare. Somebody asked him where he got it all.

"When I was a young fellow, in 1849," he said, "I rode on horseback from Selma to California. I had a Bible and a Shakespeare in my saddle-bags and I read them when I was jogging along and when I was in camp. They were the only companions I had and I haven't forgotten them."

The Sultan's Private Cooler

FREDERICK W. HOLLS, the New York lawyer who was secretary to the American Commission to the Peace Conference at The Hague, tells of a call he had one morning during the conference from three Turks. They were fine-looking fellows. The spokesman was Rustem Bey and the others were different sorts of Beys.

They came to enlist Mr. Holls and the commissioners from the United States in the cause of the Young Turks. They said the Sultan of Turkey is a usurper. They proclaimed, with much intensity of gesture, that the real Sultan had been imprisoned for fifteen years.

Ah," said Mr. Holls, thinking to relieve the situation somewhat, "he's in the cooler, is he?"

The Turks did not understand. Mr. Holls was forced to make a long explanation that in this country a man who is in prison is sometimes referred to as being in the "cooler." The Turks were much interested in this strange phrase.

Later in the day one of the English commissioners met Mr. Holls. "By the way, Holls," he said, "did you receive a call from some Young Turks this morning?"

Yes," Holls replied.

"They came to see me, too," the Englishman continued. "Most extraordinary people. Why, they told me the real Sultan has been imprisoned for fifteen years in an ice box."

The Correspondent's Revenge

WHEN Alfred Henry Lewis, the author, was a correspondent at Washington for a Missouri paper he had a difficulty with Governor Dockery, who was then a member of the House of Representatives.

Lewis cast about for a suitable revenge. After thinking about the matter for some days he wrote an innocent paragraph for his paper which said that Mr. Dockery, who is a rich man, had decided to give a large portion of his wealth to the various churches of Missouri, and had begun by sending checks for $500 to churches in St. Joseph and Kansas City.

Then he sat back and waited. Dockery was begging for mercy in less than a week. Every church in the State, almost, had written for its share. Lewis printed another paragraph saying that Mr. Dockery's contributions would not be made for some years, and since that time Dockery has been scrupulously polite.

A Qualified Assent

SENATOR ALLISON, of Iowa, has the reputation of being the most cautious man in public life. He takes no chances, but always qualifies his statements. His letters are marvels. During the past session of Congress the Senator read to Senator Hale a letter he had written on a subject in which Senator Hale was also interested.

"What will he think of that?" asked Allison.

"I don't think he will get much out of it," Hale replied.

"I didn't intend he should," chuckled Allison.

This incident led an Iowa man to tell the story of the rash citizen of Dubuque who once made a bet he could force Senator Allison to answer "Yes" to a direct proposition.

Half a dozen friends went along to see the miracle performed. They entered Allison's office and chatted on various topics. Presently a flock of sheep, newly sheared, came by.

"Those sheep have just been sheared, Senator," said the man who had made the bet, winking at his companions.

Senator Allison gazed earnestly at the sheep. Then he replied softly: "It looks like it on this side."

Julius Cæsar Up to Date

ONE of the famous orators of Texas was Colonel Tol Boone, an unlettered genius, who had much language at his control and few facts.

Boone referred to the assassination of Julius Cæsar in one of his speeches. This is what he said of that historic incident:

"One beautiful summer day when Julius Cæsar was walking down the streets of Spain, happy and free from care, along came Brutus and snuck up behind him with stealthy tread. Then Brutus drew his bowie knife and plugged it into the immortal ribs of Julius Cæsar, and that grand man, completely taken by surprise, turned on Brutus and in tones of thunder said: 'Is that you, Brutus, you dirty dog?'"

A Question of Technicalities

ONE of the results of the Populist movement in the West a few years ago was the election of a man named Kirby to the House of Representatives. Kirby had violent ideas about money. He could talk for hours on the financial question.

During Kirby's first term a bill came up for discussion which had to do with the issuing of a new series of paper money and the retirement and maceration of the series then in use.

Kirby was furious about this. "Here we see the Government, directed from Lombard Street in London, withdrawing billions of money from circulation and macerating it, whatever that is," he shouted in a speech one day. "Never in the history of the United States has such an outrage been perpetrated. With our children crying for money these creatures of the Wall Street octopus are withdrawing billions from circulation, billions, gentlemen, I say billions."

"Don't you mean millions?" asked Representative Culberson.

"There you go," yelled Kirby, shaking his arms in the air, "there you go; just like all the rest of them, you are trying to win this fight on technicalities."

The Last Appeal

SOMETIMES the dignity of the United States does not appeal to the newcomer in Washington. A bumptious young secretary to a Senator strolled into the court room on decision day. He took a seat inside the railing, in one of the chairs reserved for the lawyers who are privileged to practice before the court.

The marshal saw the stranger and sent him a note which read: "Are you a member of the bar?"

The young secretary read the note and smiled a scornful smile. He sent to the marshal a card which proclaimed him to be the secretary of Senator So-and-So.

This did not impress the marshal, for a doorkeeper led the young man, protesting vigorously, to the corridor.

"Now, see here, sonny," said the doorkeeper. "You just think it over. That's the Supreme Court and you don't want to raise no row. Suppose you get in contempt. There ain't nobody left to appeal to but the Lord."

"FOR FIFTEEN YEARS IN AN ICE BOX"

"MY NAME IS TOM THUMB"

Special Counselors in Busines

By FORREST

ELIMINATION of waste is the vital element in every line of business effort. No business executive who fails to give this problem his best thought has any fair claim to be held as keeping pace with the spirit of the age Serious, profound and conscientious study of the science of business system — which is but another name for the art of eliminating waste — is the demand placed upon every man in a position of business responsibility. If he is alert, progressive and capable he will respond to this demand. If he is suffering from the "creeping paralysis" of over-conservatism, or any other contracting influence, he will plod along in the old rut and score a failure, or at best a meager and qualified success.

Under the acute pressure of modern competition, a full and fair success is no more possible to the man of business who does not apply himself consistently to the problem of eliminating waste from every line of his activities than it is possible for the Electrical Engineer to succeed who ignores all the achievements of electrical science in the last two decades.

Mail and Filing Room

An Age of Specialists: And this comparison provokes the pertinent point that this is also the *age of specialization*. Possibly this suggestion may impress you as trite and commonplace; but you will lose the keynote to the universal tendency of the hour if you allow the familiarity of the saying to hide its intense and practical significance. It has a direct and important bearing upon the business of every man who has a shadow of authority or responsibility in the world of affairs. When the man who "plays a thinking part," whose activities are to some degree administrative, learns that he cannot know everything that he needs to know about his own business without getting help from the outside specialists he has mastered the biggest element of success in modern business methods.

This leads directly to the conclusion of the whole matter: Because the elimination of waste is the big problem in the shop, the factory, the store, the office and the bank; and because the men who direct these lines of business cannot possibly think out and work out for themselves all the waste-eliminating devices that make for economy and progress, the profession of the *Consulting Engineer in Business System* has been called into being. Doubtless the Science of Business being has not had so significant a development since the Italians of the Middle Ages devised the first system of double entry bookkeeping as the upspringing of this new profession. Call its members "business experts," "business systematizers," "expert methodizers," "business counsels," or whatever you choose; the service which they perform is best suggested by the title of Consulting Engineers of Business, and their work centers in one common purpose: *the elimination of waste, the conserving of time, energy and material*

Mail Room

A Model Office Under Modern Methods: I can conceive of nothing more intensely interesting to the alert, progressive and thoughtful business executive than an investigation of any institution where the work of a representative member of this important profession is exemplified in every detail of method and equipment. Probably there is no better place to observe the practical workings of the highly developed business system than in the offices of Baker-Vawter Company, the largest organization of Consulting Engineers of Business in the world.

Speaking from the viewpoint of a searching personal investigation of this remarkable establishment, I am compelled to admit that the business man who desires to get a comprehensive view of what the Science of Business System has attained in the third year of the Twentieth Century need not go beyond the offices of these foremost members of the most important of the new professions.

Clearest of all the impressions which a visit to this establishment will leave upon the mind of the observer is that of *convincing sincerity*, due to the fact that this firm consistently practices what it preaches. In every department, and to the last detail, it shows the practical operation of the principles and methods which it advocates and devises for others.

"You are at liberty," declared the young man who piloted me through this interesting place, "to consider the methods you see in operation here as typical and representative of those of which Baker-Vawter Company is the exponent. But you will fail to get a true perspective if you do not keep constantly in mind the fact that every business, and every business house, must be individually treated; that the *general principles* which you see in operation here must be *adapted to the special needs* of each institution which we serve. Always the personal equation must be considered, and this matter of individual adaptation is one of the most difficult and perplexing problems that test the skill of the specialist in business system."

At once I was led to the heart of the house: the room into which centers the vast and unceasing currents of incoming and outgoing correspondence, and where every item of this epistolary tide is filed for reference according to a system representing the acme of simplicity and convemence Instantly the eye catches the significance of the office arrangement, noting that the mailing and filing room is located in the very center of the establishment, surrounded by rooms in which the various branches and departments are operated. The general accounting room and the city sales departments are the first arteries through which flow the vital current of the house correspondence. Then follow the offices of the Treasurer, the General Sales Manager, the President, the Vice-President and other members of the executive staff

About the walls of this central room runs a low deep wainscoting of vertical filing cases of severely artistic design — cases capable of holding 540,000 letters, and of the sectional construction which admits of indefinite expansion Standing at the big, square table in the center is the master of the mailing room, swiftly scanning the contents of the envelopes opened by the young boy who assists him

Here, again, I caught a keynote of modern business system: *one good man for each thinking part, and inexpensive help for the subordinate duties* which proper system reduces to the simplicity of a mechanical routine. An instant's glance at the letter in his hand is sufficient to analyze it, to determine to what department, official or clerk it should first be assigned. That officials shall not be burdened with mail that should go to their subordinates is his constant care. Then, too, he must always be on the alert for those communications demanding "rush" attention, and his tact and diplomacy are often called into use in the discreet handling of mail of a personal and semi-personal character A seemingly slight oversight on the part of this man at the heart of things may easily create delay, friction and confusion. But, so swiftly does he do his exacting work of analysis and distribution, that he handles an average of fully 1500 pieces of mail, incoming and outgoing, each day. Under old methods not fewer than six clerks would be required to do the work which one man and a boy now perform in the mail and filing room of Baker-Vawter Company.

How 50,000 Accounts are Handled: A single step takes the investigation into the adjoining office of the general accounting department. Here, as everywhere in the thoroughly modern office, flat desks are the order

"Here," explained my guide, "is done the entire general accounting for a business operating four large factories and eighteen branch establishments and employing a regular force of seventy-eight salesmen. We serve and maintain trade relations with more than 50,000 customers in the year, and yet there is not a single ledger in the place — at least not in the old sense of the term."

"How is this done?" I inquired.

"By the elimination of every detail of accounting that possibly can be dispensed with consistent with absolute safety and accuracy. Under the old system we would require at least nine people to take care of this volume of accounts now handled with far greater facility by three young women. *This is possible only under a method which cuts out every process and detail not positively essential to live accounting.* Bookkeeping and accounting of the old regime were practically a chain of copying processes, with all the useless multiplication of labor and of opportunities for errors which those processes involved. Now there is not, we believe, a single unnecessary repetition of a description or a detail. Such is the perfection to which the loose leaf system is now reduced!"

The Federal Trust and

would be absurd, as Baker-Vawter Company has a list of 30,000 price quotations. These are "remembered" in an index book which the pricer swiftly consults, and then carries out the figures But this man who forms the executive link between the office and the factory must know completely the construction of every article manufactured. And he must see that the descriptive mistakes of his customers — and they are legion — are not allowed to go through. Then, too, it is a sound principle that the accounting of any manufacturing business should be done in the office and not at the factory. On the other hand, the only place for the making of cost records is at the factory

Pausing beside one of the flat-bed typewriting machines, I glanced at the complement of sheets recorded at a single writing. These were headed:

1. "Acknowledgment of Order — This is not an Invoice:"
2. "Salesman's Order;"
3. "Office Order;"
4. "Office Register"
5. "Factory Order;"
6. "Factory Register,"
7. "Cost Department."

Every possible item of description, of instruction, of check and cross-check essential to the manufacture and shipment of goods, and to the accounting and collecting records of the transaction, is provided for in these marvelously-devised blanks. But it is the use of these tools and not the tools themselves in which we are most interested When this was suggested to my guide he stepped to the Order Censor's desk and took up a binder filled with "Office Register" sheets. These were arranged and indexed by *numbers*. Another binder contained the "Office Order" sheets, indexed under the names of the *customers*.

"The records contained in these sheets," continued my guide, "are identical and are uniform with the 'factory register' and 'factory order' sheets, which are also filed, respectively, by number and by names. This makes it possible for the office instantly to communicate with the factory concerning any order, and to absolutely identify it either by its number or by the name of the person placing the order. Under our system every department is automatically advised of the stage of progress made by every other department in the filling of each order, thus indicating at once where any delay is impeding the progress of executing the order. But the big problem in every manufacturing business is the question of cost."

Practical Points of Office Administration

EVERYWHERE I encountered the principle that a right business system provides administrative men with time to perform "thinking parts," leaving details to be carried out by less expensive understudies. The General Sales Manager, for example, goes through the orders each morning, but simply for the purpose of getting a line on the business that is on passage through the house Again, in the afternoon, he gets a detailed report on what has been done. In neither of these cases does he ordinarily record a word or a figure. So with the Order Censor. He is paid for *knowing things* and for *thinking*. To burden him with the details of prices

Actual Factory Costs, Not Estimates

"SYSTEM — real system" — solves this problem and saves the manufacturer margins large enough to roll up good dividends. Many manufacturers — perhaps most of them — are running their factory costs on the basis of estimates. They figure that because their products cost them 'about so much last year they will cost about the same this year.' The old-fashioned 'cost books' are records of *the most expensive guessing exercises* that have ever been indulged in outside the operations of pure speculation and

ss System and Administration

CRISSEY

Savings Bank, Chicago

Rimes of chance. The manufacturing business that is run on this basis has no show in competition with those operated on a detailed cost system of thoroughly modern type,—one that takes minute account of every element that enters into the expense of a product. The man with a cost system of this kind is working in clear daylight, while the one without it is groping in the dark. The advantage of competition under the system that gives *absolute cost* instead of *estimated cost* is so great that it almost insures success from the outset, in a struggle otherwise fairly balanced between contestants.

"Many a manufacturer who nets $25,000 a year thinks himself master of the situation because he has a practical knowledge of production processes and of selling his product. He leaves the matter of his cost system to the ingenuity of a cheap bookkeeper, with the result that his profits are lessened by a heavy percentage —in many cases by a third or a half—because he makes his selling prices on a false and deceptive estimate of cost.

"Under the cost systems devised by Baker-Vawter Company every cent that goes into a factory is charged to the account of something and every cent of departmental and administrative expense goes into the total of the cost figures—not on the basis of 'what it cost to run the house last year,' with certain variations figured from current probabilities, but on the actual expenditures of the current fortnight. Everything from typewriter ribbons to taxes and from ink to interest is included in this computation of costs.

"And in this connection, it should be said that our system provides a *perpetual inventory* of *assets* and of *obligations* so that the administrative officers have the absolute, *naked, net conditions* of their business under their eye from week to week."

How Salesmen and Specialists are Trained

INQUIRY into the former connections of Baker-Vawter accountants and the men who devise business systems reveals the significant fact that these men have been taken from positions of high responsibility and trust in large business organizations. Some of them have resigned from important places on the administrative staffs of great corporations; others have been induced to leave auditorships in prominent financial organizations, and still others come from executive positions in large manufacturing establishments, merchandising houses, banks and trust companies. And these men have been added to the systematizing staff of this organization of Business Counselors at a material advance in salary over that which their former occupations afforded them. "*Sound timber, seasoned in the dry-kiln of practical business experience,*" is the standard by which all selections for this corps of specialists in the science of business are judged. And then the rule is "each man to his special line"

To every employer of salesmen there is a valuable suggestion in the schooling which is given to all who are sent out into the field commercially to represent Baker-Vawter Company. No man leaves this establishment as a salesman or solicitor until he has had many weeks of daily drill and training in the *school room* of the house. This department is in session every working hour of each business day, and no college or high school can boast a more faithful attendance upon class sessions or a more wholesouled attention on the part of its pupils than can this novel educational institution, whose students are paid good salaries from the moment of their enrollment. And it matters not how wide the general experience or how responsible the former connections of the men entering the service of this company; they must all pass through the school room and receive the diploma of the head salesman's approval before being permitted to represent the house in active negotiations with the business world.

Every Client Teaches the Expert

NATURALLY the man who has grown up in any line of commercial or industrial effort meets the suggestion that an "outsider" can successfully advise him on the methods of that enterprise with the question:

"What license have you to assume that you—a man from the outside—can tell me how to run my business, in which I have spent years of actual work?"

That the business man is fairly entitled to ask this question is readily granted by the officers of this organization of Business Counselors. Their answer is: "Because our specialists are constantly re-enforcing their own experience by a searching, analytical study of the conditions, methods and systems obtaining in scores and hundreds of business houses of every description; because they are perpetually in contact with the best administrative and accounting talent in the business world; because practically every one of our 50,000 customers is an active executive or a progressive accountant in a business house that is wide-awake and trying to keep pace with the march of modern progress in the science of doing things. With comparatively few exceptions, these men have contributed to the stock of information which is the working capital of our corps of specialists in Business System. We do not 'know it all.' We learn from all with whom we come in contact, either personally or by correspondence. Broadly speaking, we have 50,000 advisers, all of them in active business. These are our customers

"To-day a member of our staff enters a large mercantile establishment and begins his examination. He commands the confidence of the officials and his investigation reveals a new condition or a new way of handling a certain feature of that business. Whether this new feature is in the nature of a remedy or of something to be remedied the result is the same—*the investigator is so much the richer in his equipment* for the next task of similar kind to which he is called. This applies not only to accounting methods but also to the more material matters. Because he finds that one house is suffering from a chronic blockade in its shipping department owing to inadequate elevator or truck service, he is put on guard for this sort of stoppage in every other house which he is called upon to serve

"Some time ago one of our systematizers doubled the facility with which a certain house put out its shipments by devising a special elevator service. Instantly this subject was brought to the attention of every member of the corps and the problem of the internal transfer of goods, involving the use of elevators and moving platforms, was subjected to a searching study for the benefit of the entire staff. As a result we have saved our subsequent patrons, in the elimination of waste labor and waste time in getting out goods, a value aggregating thousands of dollars.

"Then, too, almost every case of peculation or defaulting which is uncovered by our accountants brings to light new methods in these irregularities and new methods of tracing and of preventing them. Each investigation is a fresh lesson in business system which is made to add to the efficiency of every man in the special service of this organization. Not long since one of our men encountered an organized conspiracy by which a group of employees who had contrived to make away with several thousand dollars' worth of goods. The situation was baffling, but at length the specialist suggested a novel plan by which a large portion of the lost goods was recovered and the identity of the criminals established. The lesson thus learned is capable of application in almost any business where a similar leakage is evident or suspected

Invoice Filing Cabinet

Bankers Not Exempt from Need of System

NO STUDENT of this new profession of giving counsel in business administration can fail to reach the conclusion that its application is less than universal. The practical experience of the specialists sent out by Baker-Vawter Company conclusively demonstrates this point. Every line of manufacturing, jobbing, wholesale and retail merchandising, banking, and other forms of commercial and industrial enterprise has been subjected to investigation and report, with results that have constantly widened the scope of the service and have uniformly effected the elimination of waste, the increase of facility and accuracy, and the conserving of energy and expense, as well as the consistent expansion of production and revenues. Banks are commonly presumed to be the most highly organized of all business bodies, but these institutions are no exception to the rule that the specialist in business system is able to devise methods whereby their commercial and accounting operations may be brought to a still higher degree of efficiency. Hundreds of banks, including many in metropolitan cities, are still following the old practice of recopying each record and multiplying the labor of accounting in a business in which *time* is peculiarly the *essence of all transactions*. By the modern method, the same writing which makes a journal record furnishes the remittance sheet. In every transaction the latest system effects a similar saving of labor, time and opportunity for error. In a word, the explanation of the system specialists carries the conviction that the bank which is now operated on the accounting methods of ten years ago is clinging to its traditions at fifty per cent. additional payroll expense.

The experience of a prominent bank official who organized a new

Order Clerk and Assistant

financial institution and placed the devising of its working system in the hands of the Baker-Vawter staff is given in a letter to that company in which occurs this significant paragraph

> "As the demands of our business have grown the work is done with the same ease that it was in the beginning. When I think of the amount of labor and trouble usually consumed in experiments when organizing and maintaining the office of a large corporation, I feel a sense of satisfaction that we were relieved from so much unnecessary work through your intelligent effort."

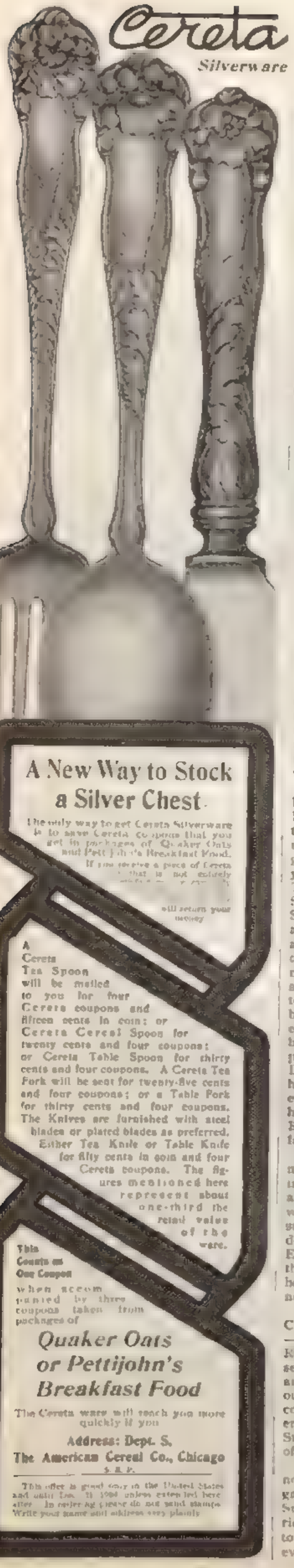
Retail Business Especially Demands System

OFTEN the retailer is also inclined to feel that his business is an exception to the rule and does not lend itself to the good results obtained by the service of the business systematizer in other lines. Statistics of the appalling percentage of failures in the retail trade, together with the fact that this branch of merchandising is the least progressive in seeking the counsel of the expert in business system, are significant, and point with emphasis the need of more modern and analytical methods. In fact his need of departmental analysis, to the end of curtailing unprofitable stocks and weeding out those which score positive losses, is paramount. This can only be accomplished by an accounting system which provides for a division of departments and stocks in such a manner that, at regular periods, they *may be subjected to a positive loss and gain showing*. Again, the retailer must depend upon a quick and frequent "turning over" of his investment. Here a thorough knowledge of all stock-on-hand and available stock is an absolute essential. Much of his success rests upon keeping his supply to a minimum, and consequently it follows that a system which does not help him to hold his buying down to a strict "short supply" basis is an expensive luxury.

The retailer who does not have as exact and analytical a knowledge of every condition and feature of his business as has the metropolitan wholesaler is working at a fatal disadvantage. And the wholesaler does not fail to avail himself of the services of the expert in business system.

One ineffaceable impression gained from a conversation with the various members of the Baker-Vawter staff—now at home in their model offices in the Tribune Building, Chicago—is best expressed in the question: What may not be the possibilities for usefulness, in serving any business organization, of the superbly qualified men who have spent years in going from one establishment to another, analyzing diversified conditions and devising progressive methods—men who practically command the counsel of 50,000 workers in the world of business? Fortified and broadened by the expert assistance of these Business Scientists the modern executive of affairs may reasonably aspire to achievements otherwise hopelessly beyond attainment!

Interesting pamphlets on business system are mailed free to those who send their firm name and style of business to Baker-Vawter Co., 1655 Tribune Bldg., Chicago, or 855 Central Bank Bldg., N. Y.


Cereta
Silverware
A New Way to Stock a Silver Chest
The only way to get Cereta Silverware is to save Cereta coupons that you get in packages of Quaker Oats and Pettijohn's Breakfast Food.
If you receive a piece of Cereta that is not entirely
will return your money
A Cereta Tea Spoon will be mailed to you for four Cereta coupons and fifteen cents in coin; or Cereta Cereal Spoon for twenty cents and four coupons; or Cereta Table Spoon for thirty cents and four coupons. A Cereta Tea Fork will be sent for twenty-five cents and four coupons; or a Table Fork for thirty cents and four coupons. The Knives are furnished with steel blades or plated blades as preferred. Either Tea Knife or Table Knife for fifty cents in coin and four Cereta coupons. The figures mentioned here represent about one-third the retail value of the ware.
This Counts as One Coupon
when accompanied by three coupons taken from packages of
Quaker Oats or Pettijohn's Breakfast Food
The Cereta ware will reach you more quickly if you
Address: Dept. S,
The American Cereal Co., Chicago
This offer is good only in the United States and until Jan. 31 1904 unless extended hereafter. In ordering please do not send stamps. Write your name and address very plainly

"LA LEY DE FUGA"

The Law of Flight in the Southwest

BY N. A. JENNINGS

WHEN Texas was the Botany Bay of the United States, the refuge for outlaws who sought her broad plains and thinly-settled border, and who banded together there and lived by organized cattle thefts and horse stealing, the law officers of the State, the sheriffs and Texas Rangers, led a ceaselessly active and exciting life. To hunt down the desperadoes and arrest them was but a part of the work to convey the prisoners to jail was another thing. Frequently it became necessary to ride with a prisoner over a sparsely-settled country for many miles before a place of safe-keeping could be reached. This afforded the prisoner's friends a fine opportunity to effect a rescue, and such rescues were of frequent occurence until what was known as "*la ley de fuga*" became the universal plan pursued by the officers. The "*ley de fuga*"—the law of flight—was the practice of killing prisoners whenever an attempt to rescue them was made by their friends. Harsh and cruel as the rule undoubtedly was, there was nothing else to be done. As soon as it became generally known among the desperadoes that an attempt to rescue a friend from the officers meant the sure death of that friend such attempts ceased

This rule was in force during those years—from 1875 to 1878—that I served as a Texas Ranger. There were many outlaws and but few Rangers, and we had, for the most part, to hunt our quarry in small squads. Often only two or three Rangers went together to arrest the desperadoes, and it was only because of the knowledge that we had strict orders to kill any prisoners and then fight those who attempted their rescue, that we were enabled to get those we arrested to jail. Twice was the rule put into practice and both times not only were the [illegible] murderers, as it happened—killed, but their would-be rescuers were severely punished

In December, 1870, I was one of eighteen Rangers who were detailed to go with Lieutenant Lee Hall to DeWitt County in the southwestern part of the State and execute warrants for men indicted by the grand jury there. The county had been for years the scene of a bloody feud between the Taylor and the Sutton factions, and the Sheriff was powerless to preserve order Scores of men on both sides had been killed, and every man and boy in the county went armed and ready at a second's notice to defend his life, or, perhaps, to commit a murder. The braver men on both sides met and fought openly, but the cowards resorted to other tactics. They lay in wait in the brush by the side of a road and shot their enemies in the back as they rode by. A little before our advent a number of the Sutton party had gone at midnight to the home of Doctor Brazell, an old gentleman, dragged him from a bed where he lay ill, and deliberately murdered him before the eyes of his helpless wife and daughters. Doctor Brazell's son made an attempt to protect his father and he, too, was murdered

Seven men were indicted for this brutal murder, but so wide was the reign of terror in DeWitt County that they did not fear arrest and trial. They knew that the Sheriff would not dare attempt their capture, for such action on his part would have meant death to him within twenty-four hours. Even had he had the temerity to undertake their arrest he had no deputies upon whom he could depend for assistance, for he could not trust the men in his own office.

This was the state of affairs when the Circuit Judge, the late Henry Clay Pleasants—a fearless and upright man—sent for the Rangers. We arrived in Clinton, the county seat, one night in the middle of December and went into camp. Of course, the news of our arrival spread rapidly throughout the county and every one knew we were there to enforce the laws, though the adherents of the Sutton and Taylor factions laughed at the idea of nineteen young men coming against them.

The murderers of old Doctor Brazell had no fear that we could take them, for they gathered about them seventy or eighty of the Sutton party, all armed, and spent their time riding over the county from one farmhouse to another and having "frolics" in the evenings.

But we arrested [illegible]. One night we surrounded [illegible] and got seven of the accused murderers. We took them completely by surprise, and although they numbered nearly a hundred we captured them without a shot being fired. At dawn we rode into Clinton, about five miles away, and lodged the seven indicted men in the county jail, a miserably insecure, wooden structure It was not at all the sort of place in which to confine such dangerous men as the accused murderers. The cells were not much stronger than so many dry-goods boxes would have been, and so it was decided to put the men in a room in the second story and guard them there for the time being

This room was about twenty feet square and had two barred and grated windows looking out on the one straggling street of the town. A door opened into a narrow entry which separated the room from that part of the jail containing the cells. As the place was bare of any furniture, the prisoners slept on blankets on the floor along the wall. The eighteen Rangers were divided by Hall into three detachments of six each, so that six men would be on guard at a time. We each stood guard four hours every day and four hours every night. Of the six on guard at a time two were assigned to remain in the room with the prisoners; the remaining four were on duty outside the jail

Just before we started with the prisoners from the house where we arrested them, Hall gave orders to the Rangers in a loud voice to kill all seven men if any attempt were made to rescue them. He purposely gave those orders within hearing of the prisoners and their friends. He said

"If any of these prisoners attempt to escape, kill them. If any attempt is made at any time, either to day or later, to rescue them, kill them first and then fight the rescuers Your first duty will be to kill the prisoners without hesitation; those are my specific orders."

No comment was made by the prisoners or their friends upon these orders, for they were all familiar with "*la ley de fuga*."

Despite the orders, however, we had not been guarding our seven murderers more than three days before word reached us from a number of sources that an attempt would surely be made to rescue them. We heard on good authority that fully two hundred of the Sutton party were banded together under the leadership of a notorious outlaw, and that they were going to ride into Clinton, kill every Ranger there and murder Judge Pleasants. A number of the Taylor faction came to us and offered their assistance, but Hall curtly declined it and told them we were not taking sides in their feud. He laughed at the threats, but he gave us all strict orders not to let our carbines out of our hands for a moment during the daytime and to sleep with our arms under our blankets within easy reach of our hands. Thereafter, even when we took our meals, we had our carbines resting across our knees, or within the hollow of our arms. All friends of the prisoners were kept from holding any communication with them, and at night any citizen coming within two hundred feet of the jail was halted and turned back. We had orders to shoot any man crossing the "dead line" after we had halted him

Such was the state of things when one day about a week after we had made the capture it came my turn to go into the room with the seven prisoners and assist another Ranger in guarding them. We had become well acquainted with them by that time and our intercourse was as friendly as possible under such conditions. They were a reckless, light hearted set of men and passed the time in telling stories and singing. They seemed careless of the terrible charge hanging over their heads, and regarded their detention in jail as a temporary embarrassment

On this particular morning I remembered that one of their number was lying flat on his back on his blankets singing a song, four were playing poker, and the other two were looking on. I happened to glance out of one of the windows, and what I saw in the street compelled my instant attention. My comrades, the Rangers, were running here and there, hastily examining their carbines to see

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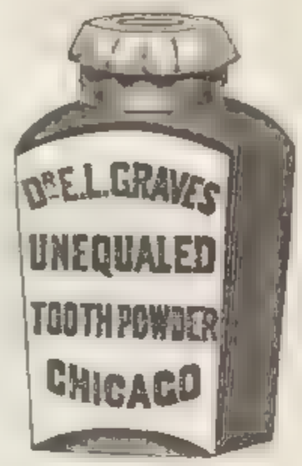

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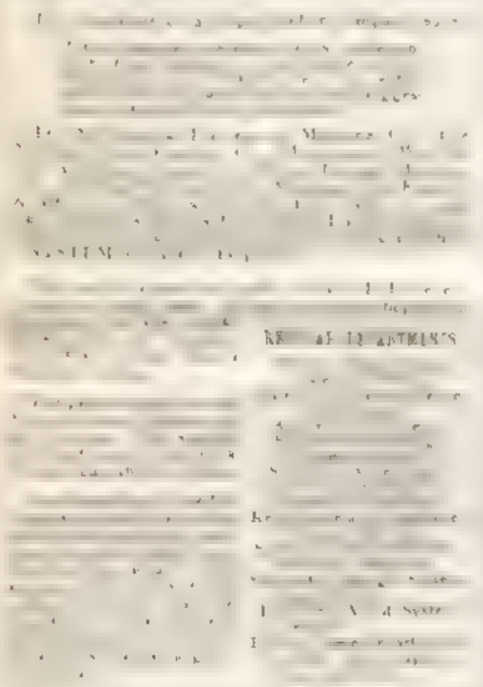

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that they were in good working order, posting themselves by the goods boxes in front of a store on the opposite side of the street—and evidently preparing for action. Hall was standing in the middle of the street, swinging his arms with his hand from time to time, apparently at something [illegible]. I followed the direction of his eyes and saw what made my heart almost seem to stand still—a cloud of dust [illegible] horsemen approaching. The cloud [illegible] a great cloud of dust and it was impossible even at that distance to tell how many there were.

Instinct told me that the horsemen were friends of the prisoners and that [illegible] to give the signal for the attack. I managed to attract the attention of the other Ranger, and he, too, looked out of the window and in a second realized the situation. The prisoners were still intent with their game and knew nothing of what was passing outside.

Not a word passed between the Ranger and me, but we looked into each other's eyes and both knew what was before us. With one accord we took our places in the two corners of the room opposite the wall where the windows were. Suddenly there was a shout from the street—a cowboy yell—and at its sound the seven prisoners scrambled to their feet and went to the windows to see what was the matter. At that instant I noiselessly withdrew the cartridge from my carbine and set the gun in the corner behind me. Then I drew my revolver with its six .45 calibre bullets in the chamber cocked and waited.

In spite of my efforts to be calm I could not keep my hand from trembling violently. A sudden horrible empty feeling in the pit of my stomach and a sensation of nausea came to me. My teeth chattered so that it seemed to me the sound must be heard by the prisoners who were still silently gazing out of the windows. There was a possibility, I knew, that it might even [illegible] be compelled to kill a number of [illegible] defenseless men in cold blood. I should have to stand there with my back to the wall and shoot them down. I should have to look into their frightened eyes and slay without [illegible]. I should have to listen to their agonizing cries for mercy and close my heart to them. I saw the unequal struggle as though it were already taking place. I verily believe that if at that moment the prisoners had suddenly turned on us with pistols in their hands I could have shouted with joy at the chance to fight them all single-handed in that room. Anything would have been better than the thought of shooting them down deliberately while I stood in safety in that corner.

And still they stood there by the [illegible] looking out. The seconds dragged themselves into minutes, the minutes crept on slowly, and with straining senses I waited.

I looked at my comrade in the opposite corner. His face was like chalk in its pallor, but his jaw was set with determination. He was ready to do his share of the butchery! And I must help him!

At last there was a sound of footsteps on the stairs; some one was coming up. The door opened and Lieutenant Hall came into the room. The seven men turned from the windows and one of them said to Hall in a tone of ordinary curiosity:

"Who's them men rode into town just now, Lieutenant?"

"Horse thieves, captured by the Rangers," said Hall. Then he looked at us, noted the six shooter still in my hand, and saw my drawn and haggard face. With quick comprehension he realized what had been happening in that room. He stepped to the door and called to two of the Rangers to come upstairs and relieve us, and my [illegible].

As I put my six-shooter back in its holster on my belt and picked up my carbine one of the prisoners suddenly paled and staggered. Then in a trembling voice, he said:

"And we were ready to kill us, were we? I can see it in your eyes, man; th'ain't no use to deny it. I reckon we had a mighty close call and I ain't hankerin' for no more of it. Lieutenant, I've heered rumors as how some o' the boys was thinkin' o' tryin' a rescue. If you'll gimme a bit o' paper and a pencil I can write to one to a friend o' mine and there won't be no rescuin' tried on this trip."

He wrote the note and no more talk of an attempt at rescue came to us. His friends were made to realize the full significance of "*la ley de fuga*."

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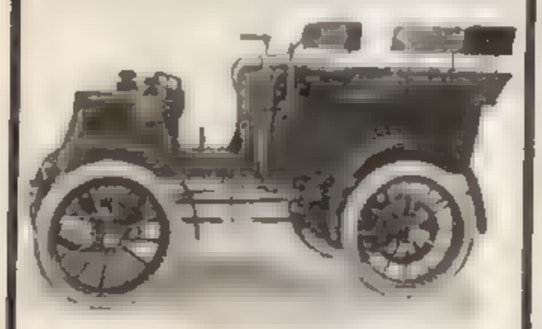

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LITERARY FOLK

Their Ways and Their Work

LITERARY DISLIKES — All words do not pass current in the exchange of Literature. Beware the counterfeits!

¶ Every man who reads, writes or talks has some pet antipathy of speech — a word that has an ugly sound to the ear, a word that strikes the eye disagreeably in type, or a phrase become an affectation and grown nauseous, like "make for," or rendered distasteful by association — associations of childhood, perhaps. Within the intimate acquaintance of the editor of this column curious significations are given to such innocent words as "palm" and "grease." Grease — in its sense of wheel grease — has for one man an invincible compulsion of disgust, so much so that his friends in private conversation are always at pains to employ some polite circumlocution. To another "hug" is most offensive, and he will go to almost any circuitous length to avoid it; while to still another "fondle" as a term of endearment is little short of nauseous, and "horrid" — which certainly should bring up anything but mirth-compelling suggestions — is somehow irresistibly comic.

Acting on this personal acquaintance with some knowledge of how curious and intimate a process is the elaboration of style, it was thought that interesting hints and suggestions of personal antipathies might be drawn from the inners and corners of words themselves. Accordingly a letter was sent out to several of our better known writers, and some of the responses are here printed.

Mr. George Ade cannot abide the word genius.

"A genius," he writes, "as commonly misapplied, serves to red-rag me about as much as any other item in our vocabulary. So far as I can discover, a genius may be any one of the following.

"One: The author or authoress of unpublished verses.

"Two: The sixteen-year-old Raphael who has succeeded in making a pen copy of something by Gibson or Christy.

"Three: The bald-headed gentleman who permits any one to select a card from the deck, and then picks the card on the third shuffle.

"Four: The young miss who moves up to the baby grand and does things to Paderewski's Minuet.

"Five: The firstborn who at the age of six can name all the Presidents.

"Six: The amateur who has played Claude Melnotte for one night for an assemblage of relatives and friends, and is waiting for the Frohmans to come along and discover him.

"Seven: The lawyer who knows Shakespeare by heart and owes office rent and would be all right if he didn't drink.

"Eight: Cousin Henry, whose stuff is too good for the publishers.

"There are other glittering examples, but possibly these will suffice."

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts objects to being called a literary man. "I think my special aversion," he writes, "is the phrase 'literary man,' but why I bear a personal grievance against it instead of merely reprobating it as bad usage it would puzzle me to say. Probably if I could dig far enough back into my memory I should find that some one whom I disliked had applied the harmless phrase to myself.

"Another word that I now dislike is the beautiful word coufer — probably because I have loved it in the past not wisely but too well, and am now ashamed to look it in the face.

Mr. Owen Wister thinks that two words "well nigh in universal use" are not only "disagreeable, but also not even English," to wit:

"One: The use of like for as; 'We do like you do.' This always seems like language going down the street without any collar or necktie on.

"Two: The signing a letter with a lone adverb: 'Sincerely, John Jones.' Of course, he is sincerely John Jones, unless he is an alias. The phrase without 'yours' makes nonsense."

Mr. Winston Churchill has no friendship for the split infinitive, and condemns "the words of Gallic extraction which are creeping into the language, such as automobile. Better by far is motor car."

Mr. Bliss Carman, besides being good enough to furnish his "pet antipathy" gave a very suggestive little essay on the use of slang. "Yes, of course," he says, "I have preferences in speech. They are always for what seem to me the *best* words. I dislike pedantry and vulgarity, the one as much as the other. We must have a *living* language. The ultra purist does not care about that; a dead language is his standard. The ultra radical, on the other hand, does not care a cent for beauty or fitness or art. And yet we must have a language that has all these qualities.

"I abominate snuffy old conventional drones; but I also shudder at the smart sensationalists. They are both equally bad.

"Moreover, slang is the new growth of language — some of it good and some of it worthless, like the new growth of the forest. A wise forester knows what to prune away. Notice how new and modern and strictly contemporary Mr. Howells is in his diction, how he is never above using a current phrase, and yet how pure and graceful and delicate his style is.

"Only one word is my pet aversion, and dear Lord, how I hate that word! — 'hustle.' Why, I do not know, unless it is because I loath all it stands for in America — all the worse elements in human nature — selfishness, greed, superficiality, display. It is another name of the false god whom we worship — Mammon. All other English words, however blasphemous, pedantic or obscene, are to me quite tolerant. Only this detestable one can I not abide."

Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam avers that in the matter of words or phrases candor compels her to state that the word "cosy" irritates her beyond belief. There is, she says, absolutely no reason for it, "except my firm conviction that it is the most utterly *bourgeois* collection of letters on the face of the earth."

Mr. Charles Battell Loomis will have nothing to do with "comical." He says: "There is more than one word in the English language that excites bullish tendencies in me; 'galore' likes me not, and 'rotten' in its modern British application is a word I avoid, but my pet detestation is a harmless little fellow that goes by the name of 'comical.'

"That I cannot stand. The use of it by a writer makes me doubt his possession of a keenly analytical humorous sense. I know that the dislike is not a reasonable one, that if one who is a fanatic is fanatical, then one who produces comic effects is comical, but its use (to me) argues a looseness of thought, and I think of the man who says a thing is 'comical' as roaring immoderately over a verbal joke in Punch. A peculiarly primitive order of clown will give voice to a most obvious, puerile witticism, and the dull, porcine looking auditor at your right slaps his knees and says, 'He's a comical genius and no mistake.' *He* typifies the word 'comical.'

"It makes no difference that men whose humor and whose sense of humor equally delight me have used the word (I remember what a blow it was to me when I first came across it in Stevenson); as long as I live I shall instinctively shudder when my eye alights on it in the context of a prose-master, and I will go to work to prove to myself that there were mitigating circumstances — that his use of it was justifiable in that particular case; that he meant to indicate cheap, yokel humor.

"I do not wish to be misunderstood as laying down the law in the matter; for those on whose ears the sound of the word does not jar, 'comical' is perfectly defensible, having the sanction of usage by the masters, but it needn't seek employment of me."

Mr. George Horton has a deep, abiding hatred of hackneyed transitions — those well-worn stepping-stones of rhetoric. "It seems to me," he writes, "that my pet aversion, among phrases, is our old friend, 'Suiting the action to the word.' If one becomes a slave to it in his own work it will haunt him persistently and follow him for years. The story-writer naturally has the feeling that his pages must be part dialogue and part action.

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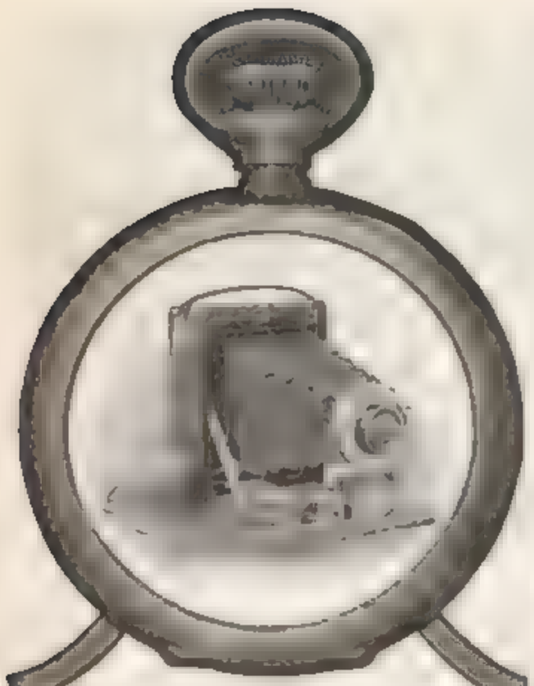

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The characters are generally thinking of the things which they are about to do—it cannot be otherwise. Thus, the villain is planning to kill the hero, and you must make him hiss something before he strikes the fatal blow; otherwise your narrative will lack vividness and life

"'I will kill you!' hissed the Count Montmorrency, through his teeth. Suiting the action to the word, he stabbed Walter Fotheringay to the heart

"How much more thrilling this is than merely to state that the Count Montmorrency said he would stab Walter Fotheringay—and he did!

"Doesn't that expression, 'Suiting the action to the word,' have a familiar sound? It has, indeed, and it has been used by the story-writers till it can fairly be said to be worn out. I hate it because I am sick of it, and because it is one of those formulas which are destructive of all originality.

"A word which is used all too much, it seems to me, is 'tone,' attached to various adjectives. This, too, is likely to become an obsession, if one is not on guard. 'In a tender tone,' 'in a serious tone,' 'in a melancholy tone,' 'in an exasperated tone,' etc., *ad infinitum*. I read a novel not long ago in which no character was allowed to say anything unless he said it in some kind of a tone. When Mr. Smith said 'Good morning' or 'It's a pleasant day,' he spoke in a 'natural tone.'"

THE DEPOPULATION OF THE PEERAGE
—If the paper mills keep grinding them up we shall have to restock the forests.

¶ The cry for the preservation of our forests is likely to find an echo in England in a plea for a less prodigal use of aristocratic titles in the pages of fiction. Time was when English novelists were content to indicate the highest forms of breeding without having recourse to titles at all, as in the case of the "Lady of the Manor," whose instructive talks to the young women of the parish are still treasured in British households as models of wholesome gentility; while "Lady Audley," whose fearsome "Secret" once thrilled the entire middle zone of the three kingdoms, was, after all, nothing but a baronet's lady and therefore not, strictly speaking, a member of the nobility. Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth were both chary in their use of titles, and so are Lucas Malet and Miss Rhoda Broughton of our own generation, although both of these last named ladies are famous for their portrayals of life among the upper classes

Disraeli, however, made terrible inroads into the aristocracy's finest timber during his golden literary youth, while Ouida and "The Duchess" have appropriated to their use princes, dukes, duchesses, earls and viscounts in a manner that suggests the ever-hungry maw of a wood-pulp mill

In Lady Rose's Daughter Mrs. Humphry Ward reveals herself as a disciple of this school by not only introducing us on almost her first page to a handsome young duchess, but in actually teaching us to call her "Evelyn" before we have reached the end of the second chapter. It is likely to prove a good move on her part, so far as the selling qualities of the book are concerned, but, after all, the use of a title for the purpose of conferring distinction on a person honored by the friendship of its wearer, as in the case of Julie Le Breton, is not likely to add to the fame of the woman who created in Helbeck of Bannisdale as true a gentleman as is to be found in the whole range of modern English fiction

That Mrs. Ward should have drawn upon the very highest rank of the peerage in this reckless fashion when a mere countess would have served her purpose perfectly well is a matter for serious regret, like the ruthless devastation of our forests. We are already taking means to replenish our wasted timber lands despite the fact that it will be many years before they are completely exhausted, and certainly the time has come to take steps for the preservation of the British aristocracy from the hordes of fiction writers who are dragging it down to the level of the commonplace. There are only twenty-two dukes in all England, but ten times that number are created each year by industrious English novelists, and the growing popularity of the novel of "smart" society seems likely to increase that number tenfold more

As yet, the potentates of Europe and the members of the English royal family have been spared, but their ranks must soon be drawn upon, for now even the name of a duke is a weak one to conjure with, and we shall soon read of a society that is peopled by kings, princes and one or two popes.

Profits of Ad. Writing.

From Clerkships and Mechanics to Advertising Managers—From Small Salaries to $1200—$6000 a Year

By GEORGE H. POWELL

THE marvelous possibilities of the advertising writing business—the vocation that is calling for more and more young men and women, who have been properly trained—are multiplying daily. The stupendous commercial growth of America is partly responsible, but the most vital reason is the comparatively recent discovery that good, attractive advertisements are the generative motors that supply power to the world's business machinery.

In the words of a shrewd observer, "a wheel can get along without oil—so can the modern business without advertising—but it goes hard."

There is no story so profoundly absorbing, no recital so inspiring as the one which takes the ambitious Young American by the hand, points out the victories of others, and shows how even greater achievements await those who are determined to win life's battle.

Once the profession of law was the magnet of attraction, but to-day King Commerce has strewn his thousands of paths with gold, which may be gathered by work and perseverance. The greatest intellects of the world are directing this modern business expansion, and while great consolidations of vested interests may continue, yet the demand for high salaried lieutenants will ever increase

And even the small dealer, who labored and struggled, and grew gray—who eked out a fair yearly income because of his limited resources—is to-day, if endowed with brains and industry, in a position to earn as a department head for others double what he could under old conditions.

It is this new order of things—this gigantic multiplication of manufacturing and merchandising—that has created such a demand for modern advertising, and which in turn calls for trained men and women in the departments of advertising writing.

And when we stop to think and realize that the best ad. writers receive their trainings through mail instruction, then the marvelous good that can be accomplished by the correspondence educational plan is appreciated at its best.

When young men and women, blessed with only common school educations and without "born talent," can be taught to write original, catchy advertising, so that they are capable of earning large incomes in a comparatively short time, it must be conceded that correspondence instruction is a permanent, lasting factor in the solution of life's work.

It will be interesting to note how advertising writers are being developed and placed in fine positions through my system of instruction, and the two portraits used herewith are only representative of Powell students generally.

Mr. Wm. Waring, Cohoes, N. Y., was formerly a machinist, and after taking another course in advertising without results, he enrolled in the Powell System, and now spends much of his spare time in telling others why it is the only practical course known. Today an advertising manager of skill, he is booked for greater things, and it is but a question of time when he will again double his income.

Mr. Norton Mattocks, of Duluth, Minn., has won high honors in grocery advertising, and is to-day capable of filling a much better position. Indeed, as his father writes me, "you don't know what a new man you have made of him." Mr. Mattocks, Sr., also adds: "When Norton told me he was taking lessons from you by correspondence I rather scorned it, as I supposed he would be taught only by printed forms—until he showed me the correspondence—then I was astonished to see how so much time and labor could be given for so small a fee. Are you working for love?—it cannot be for what there is in it for you! Yet behind all I see the true essence and spirit of advertising."

I quote only a small portion of this letter from a grateful father who has had wide opportunity of seeing how splendidly I am able by my superior system of correspondence instruction to develop the ambitious worker. Only space forbids a score of similar expressions.

An employee of the Post-Intelligencer, the great Pacific Coast daily paper of Seattle, received a promotion before he had completed half my course. Another student with the National Cash Register Co. has won recognition in a very short time, and has been responsible for other Dayton enrollments in my school. A young man whose health compelled him to leave Dartmouth College before graduation, was only last week made advertising manager of one of New York's largest clothing and furnishing stores, after barely completing the Powell System. These few examples will serve to show the openings now existing, and they increase constantly. More great national advertisers than ever come to me for trained ad. writers, and this condition must obtain for many years to come.

The Powell System differs from book instruction in that I personally supervise and direct each student's advertising education as he or she requires, and no form letters for criticisms are ever used. What books I do furnish are for a supplementary purpose.

The chief fault of the early ad.-schools lies in lack of understanding as to limitations, and instead of loading up students with superfluous news and detail about matters really foreign to the duties of the ad.-writer, the concentrated efforts ought to be along the line of the actual writing of ads. In this way, largely, is the Powell System superior to all others.

I shall be happy to mail my elegant new Prospectus, the most interesting of its kind ever published, telling how I educate and qualify young men and women for advertising positions, and how I help business men to double their incomes. Simply address me George H. Powell, 197 Temple Court, New York City, N. Y.

Colorado

The land of blue sky and perfect weather, the region of lofty mountains and picturesque valleys, where there is always vigor in the air and tonic in the breezes, where it is a joy to be alive. This is the entrancing region to which you are invited by the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul

AND

Union Pacific Line

Low rates for travel, moderate charges for board, and excellent train service, Chicago to Denver, are some of the advantages offered you. A postal card will bring complete information.

E. L. LOMAX
General Passenger and Ticket Agent
Union Pacific Railroad
Omaha, Neb.

F. A. MILLER
General Passenger Agent
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway
Chicago

The Birds' Friends and Enemies

By Harold Bolce

IN THE complicated and diversified game laws of the fifty States and Territories there is much confusion as to the difference between game birds and insectivorous birds, song and plume birds. One State settles the question of game birds broadly by including in the term "all birds found in the state of nature." Ornithologists contend that such birds as flickers, robins and meadowlarks are too valuable as insect destroyers to be killed for the table, yet in many sections the open seasons expose these species to sportsmen. The meadowlark in particular is declared by Professor Beal to be without a peer as a destroyer of insect pests, but in spite of this service its occasional appetite for cereal food denies it clemency on the part of many farmers, and in some States it is classified with injurious birds and slaughtered. Bouvier's Law Dictionary denies game birds to be those of "a wild nature obtained by fowling and hunting," which is sufficiently Delphic in its uncertainty to [illegible] with contests.

Attempts to make the laws more definite by enumerating species to be protected result in equal ambiguity, for there are 1152 kinds of birds north of Mexico, and their diversity of popular names and untechnical classification make legal reference to them a source of perplexity both to hunters and game wardens. The American Ornithologists' Union has [illegible] the difficulty by suggesting that statutes specify only the orders and families into which science divides birds, for they can be definitely and uniformly classified throughout the country. For example, if the law should state that *anatidæ*, *rallidæ*, *limicolæ* and *gallinæ* be considered game birds, there could be no dispute in final tests as to the species included. [illegible] objections to the technical nomenclature employed. As it is now, birds of widely differing habits and species are confused under common names. The "coot," for example, of New England, is a scoter duck, while the coot proper is not a duck at all, but a member of the rail family.

Only 200 species (about eighteen per cent) of the birds of the country are strictly game birds. The protection afforded the remaining 952 varieties is far from adequate. Birds treasured for their song or plumage in one State are occasionally consigned to the pot in another.

One of the ornithologists of the Biological Survey while stopping at a hotel in New Orleans learned that birds were to be served for dinner. Wandering around to the kitchen he found to his amazement a number of olive-backed thrush, hermit thrush, cardinals, vireos and thrashers. These little birds came duly to the table in tempting array under the disguise of grassé, but the naturalist had no appetite for them.

"You do not like birds?" asked his host.

"I love them," replied the scientist sadly, "but I cannot eat these."

"They are the best birds in the market."

"The very best, the most protective," asserted the ornithologist, "but you might as well invite a lover of the opera to dine on his favorite prima donna as to expect a naturalist to sit down to a meal of warbling vireos."

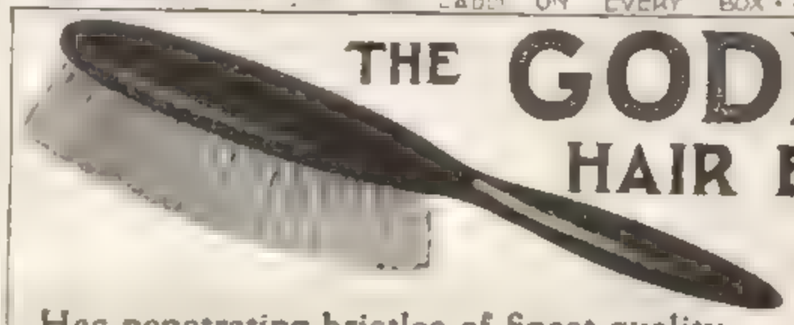
The Temperance Principle

Not long ago it was learned that an Eastern firm was receiving large consignments of gulls, terns and grebes from a Southern State which did not afford them protection. As these birds were having an extensive sale, Doctor Palmer and the State authorities joined forces to break up the traffic. The dealer held that though his State forbade the killing of the plume birds, he had the right to sell those imported from a State where their slaughter was not unlawful. As this was an important case, which would serve as a precedent in a trade in which millions of dollars are invested, it was given a most thorough test.

After a long and hotly-contested trial the courts decided against the dealer. The result has been far-reaching. Most of the wholesale milliners now, before buying or selling any kind of feathers, forward samples to the Biological Survey to learn whether

LABEL ON EVERY BOX . . . LOOK FOR IT !!

THE GODIVA HAIR BRUSH



REACHES THE SCALP AT EVERY STROKE

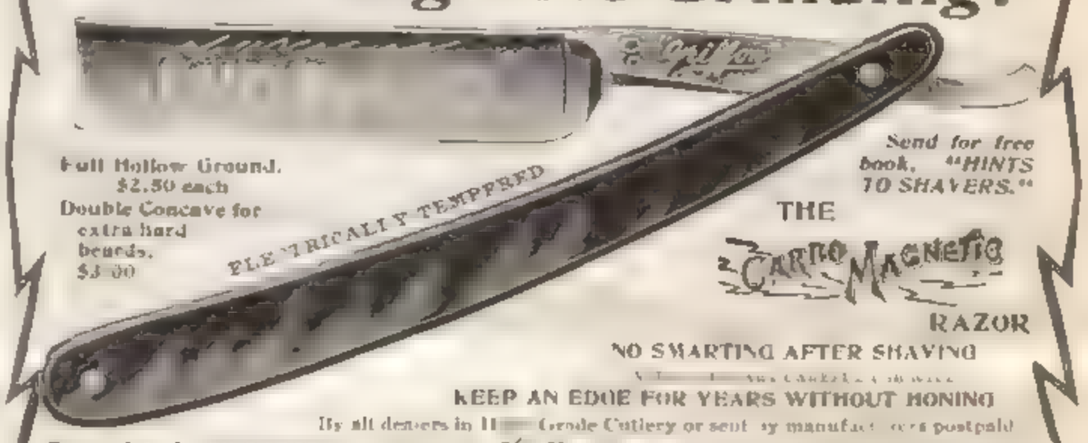
Has penetrating bristles of finest quality
Solid back — A perfect brush

$2.00
Everywhere, or by Mail

S. E. HOWARD'S SON & CO.
NEW YORK CITY

ALWAYS READY FOR USE

No Honing! No Grinding!



Full Hollow Ground. $2.50 each
Double Concave for extra hard beards. $3.00
ELECTRICALLY TEMPERED
Send for free book, "HINTS TO SHAVERS."
THE CARTO MAGNETIC RAZOR
NO SMARTING AFTER SHAVING
KEEP AN EDGE FOR YEARS WITHOUT HONING
By all dealers in High Grade Cutlery or sent by manufacturers postpaid
Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, Makers of Joseph Rodgers Cutlery, 443-444 Broadway, New York

CUSTOM COMFORT IN SMART SHIRTS

For $1.50

[illegible] shirts of your own [illegible] ing, made to fit perfectly

Modest Priced Shirt

[illegible] and insert our la[illegible]

We're making these shirts

To Please You

remember. *Our system of measurement is simple — yet absolutely accurate.* We pay express everywhere. Your money back without a word.

BEACH & NEWELL
Kenosha, Wis.
Factory, Medina, N. Y.
25 Broad St., New York, N. Y.

SAVE YOUR DOLLARS

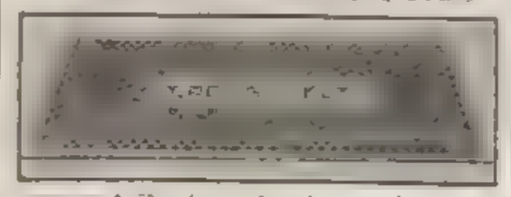
Invest your money with us in a non-speculative that has been in successful operation dealing in high class New York real [illegible] Under supervision and regulation [illegible]

5 Per Cent. Per Annum
Your Savings Will Earn
Subject to withdrawal at any time, bearing earnings for every day invested

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. 5% PER ANNUM

Capital and Surplus $1,100,000
Assets $1,500,000
Industrial Savings and Loan Co
1130 Broadway, New York

With Your Name $1.50



$1.50 and we will make you a heavy, rubber stamp [illegible] size 16x30 inches, with your [illegible]

Your name in the mat prevents [illegible]
We supply rubber mats to all parts of the U. S. All

WESTERN RUBBER MFG. CO
306 Wabash Avenue CHICAGO, ILL.

Learn Shorthand

DEAR READER — Shorthand [illegible]

[illegible] cents to

Cordially yours, PATRICK J. SWEENEY, Principal,
Manhattan Reporting Co., Dept. S, 150 Nassau St., New York

Patents Under $20,000 Bond

Only Bonded Patent Agency in World
FREE Search and Report on Patentability
Patents secured by us advertised in Progressive American free.
KEYSTONE LAW AND PATENT CO.
1106 Betz Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOOD IN NEED

Is a Friend Indeed.

Many times a school teacher in the middle of a heavy session requires exactly the right kind of food to rebuild the wasted nerve and brain tissues as well as to keep up the muscular energy. This is the business of Grape-Nuts, in which the starchy part of the pure cereals is turned to grape sugar and where the phosphates predominate, making it rich in food value and ready for the weakest stomach to assimilate immediately. A lady teacher of Minneapolis says:

"About four years ago I realized that I was breaking down nervously in the middle of a school year. To a school teacher this means not only loss of health but inability to go on with her work. Nothing appeared to help me and I was just about discouraged when a friend recommended that I look into Grape-Nuts. On reading what this food does toward rebuilding brain and nerve centers I made up my mind to give it a fair trial.

"I ate Grape-Nuts food dry with cream for breakfast and enjoyed it greatly; my improvement began immediately and was so steady that I did not realize how fully I had been benefited until an extra strain came on me in my school work through which I was able to go, continuing to improve all the time. Looking back on the trial now, I realize how this wonderful food saved me from a certain break-down.

"I have kept up the daily use of Grape-Nuts ever since and have never had a return of the trouble. I always take a package with me when traveling and I look upon the food as essential to my health as fresh air or exercise." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ease

in suspenders has at last been discovered. New principle; new result

Cyclo Suspenders

are made with a

Ball Bearing Back

Conform instantly to every motion. Unbreakable. *Trimmings will not rust.* Finish gilt price 50 cents. If your dealer doesn't keep them send his name with price and receive sample pair

BALL BEARING SUSPENDER CO.
204 B. B. Ave., Shirley, Mass.

Because of their construction

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

give most

Comfort and Service *Guaranteed*

"All breaks made good"

"President" on buckle means "Cannot rust"

50c. and $1.00

Any shop or by mail prepaid

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
Box 231-L Shirley Mass

Send 4c. for Catalogue

A BATH FOR 2 CENTS

Is furnished by the

Adam Instantaneous Water Heater

Is ready day or night, for endless hot water instantly for bathing, shaving, sickness, and all domestic purposes when hot water is required. For use with gas. Ask your plumber for it, or send for free catalogue

W. J. ADAM, Joliet, Ill.

Interstate Trade in Birds

interstate trade in that particular species is prohibited. As the answers from the official ornithologists are usually discouraging, the entire business is being rapidly readjusted to new conditions.

Recently it was learned that an influential wholesale dealer in bird plumage was working to secure special legislation to permit the sale of feathers brought from States or foreign countries where plume birds are unprotected. It was ascertained that the merchant, whose influence gave some promise of securing a retrograde enactment, was an ardent prohibitionist on the liquor question. As the Biological Survey aims to secure favorable laws through persuasion and education, rather than by dragooning opponents into cooperation, Doctor Palmer sought the wholesaler in his office.

"I understand," said the visitor, "that you are interested in prohibition."

"Yes," replied the merchant, putting aside correspondence to discuss his favorite topic. "I trust that our State law which forbids the sale of liquor will stand forever as a monument to the integrity of our commonwealth."

"But have you any objection to the sale of intoxicants distilled in other States or foreign countries and shipped in here?"

"Assuredly," was the reply. "The principle is the same."

"Well," said the visitor, "I have charge of the Government's efforts to protect American birds. If you are permitted to sell birds imported from other States, will it not open the way to fraudulent traffic in similar species now enjoying protection in your commonwealth?"

The dealer reflected a few minutes. "I had never looked at it in that light before," said he, "but I can see now that I have been in the wrong. Hereafter I will apply the principle as you have presented it. You have appealed to my conscience in the matter, and here's my hand in pledge of my determination henceforth to cooperate with the Government in its efforts to make the bird laws uniform."

Protection for Song Birds

Nebraska affords protection to birds that are "attractive in appearance or cheerful in song," and many other States declare it unlawful to shoot song birds. Even this is not a clear classification. Many migrants sing in one State and are silent in another.

The winter wren goes South in cold weather and its voice is virtually hushed, but when the warm days return it starts North to enjoy the cooler forests. In the Adirondacks it is encountered, singing a song full of wonderful melody. No one but a Nature student would recognize in the musician of the New York forests the reticent little bird whose occasional peep fails to secure it membership in the southern chorus.

"I was in the Adirondacks one summer," said Doctor Fisher, "when, as I came around a huge boulder, I heard a burst of song that filled the air. I stopped in admiration, expecting to behold a fine big bird. But all I saw was the little winter wren so common and so quiet in the District of Columbia. I waited, and in a moment that tiny creature had opened its throat and repeated the amazing song, full and clear, and vibrant with indescribable melody."

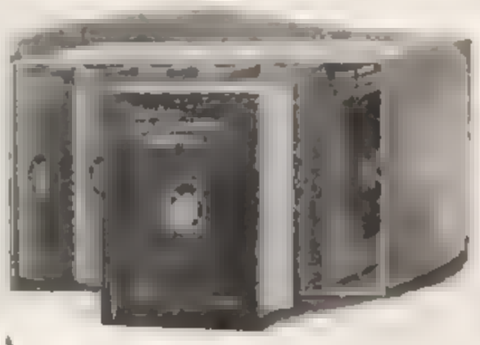
It is plain, therefore, that the term "song birds" might readily be construed in southern localities to exclude varieties that reserve their minstrelsy for more northern climes.

Alabama, seeking to extend wide protection to song, plume and insectivorous birds, enumerates fifty species, but as it has not seemed to be practicable in legislation to name all the species, there is much yet to be done to safeguard bird life in America. Every State has a different law. Sometimes certain species are protected in one county and freely slaughtered in an adjoining one.

Some birds secure protection only for a limited term of years. It becomes necessary for game wardens and Federal authorities watching interstate shipments to keep posted on all these diversified and constantly changing regulations. Texas exempts fifty-six out of two hundred and forty-four counties from compliance with its bird law. In Alabama the law applies only to seven counties out of sixty-six. Neighboring counties in Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee have contradictory regulations. Some States afford no safeguard to the eggs of protected species. In New York State nearly three hundred amendments to the game laws have been passed within a decade. In some States where the killing of certain birds is unlawful, the fact of having these slain birds in one's possession or to sell them is not a

Learn Advertising

There is no other thing so needful to the young man in business as a knowledge of advertising. It is the great force of modern business and no merchant or manufacturer succeeds without it. The advertisement writer and manager is one of the highest-priced employees in any business, and his opportunities for advancement are the best.



Any man with a good common school education, energy and common sense can win a place for himself in the advertising world. Many of those who have followed my instructions now hold positions with leading concerns, and are receiving from $30 to $125 a week. Good ad writers usually earn from $20 to $100. The accompanying picture will give you an idea of what one man has done in less than ten years, beginning with a desk and a fountain pen. My course of instruction costs $25 cash, or $28 in installments. It is the best investment any father can make for his son or that any young man can make for himself. A remittance at once will secure the full course and a $25 set of **"The Art and Literature of Business" free.**

A handsome prospectus of the course, giving full particulars and evidence from students as to its benefits, will be sent on receipt of three two-cent stamps, to pay cost of mailing, and there will be included my booklets, **"How Shall a Young Man Succeed," "Other People's Brains,"** and **"The Ill-Fortune of Brother Bill."**

How to Secure this $25 Set of Books—Free

To just one hundred young men I am going to present **"The Art and Literature of Business,"** which comprises six well-bound octavo volumes of approximately 400 pages each. It deals with the history, science and art of advertising, and tells exhaustively of every branch of the business.

The mechanical details, such as printing, engraving, etc., are taken up in their regular order, and the books are thus admirably adapted to the needs of the student of advertising and the business man who appreciates the necessity for a deeper insight into recognized methods of publicity but who has heretofore been unable to secure a suitable reference work.

In a recent review *Public Improvements*, New York City, says:

"[illegible] some well-turned phrase [illegible] a distinct literary flavor not generally met with in books of the kind. It is crowded with [illegible] philosophy that arouses and carries an interest from page to page. To all busy men this book will give great pleasure, for it treats of advertising in such a way as to make it as good a literary feast as a classic of the day."

J. F. LILLY, of Wright, Lilly & Co., Financial Agents, Colorado Springs, writes:

"The first volume of the Edition de Luxe of **'The Art and Literature of Business'** has been read with much interest and profit. I consider this volume well worth the price it cost. Any young man contemplating a business career should make a careful study of advertising — the new force — and I have failed to hear of any set of books containing as comprehensive and authorized statements of the principles of advertising as this series. If there is anything better, the author will find me an easy victim."

CARL ABNER REAM, Advertising Agent, Canton, Ohio, says:

"I consider **'The Art and Literature of Business'** a masterpiece, and don't think any person engaged in business of any nature whatever can afford to be without it."

The price of the six volumes, complete, is $25 cash, or in installments.

I Will Give Away One Hundred Sets

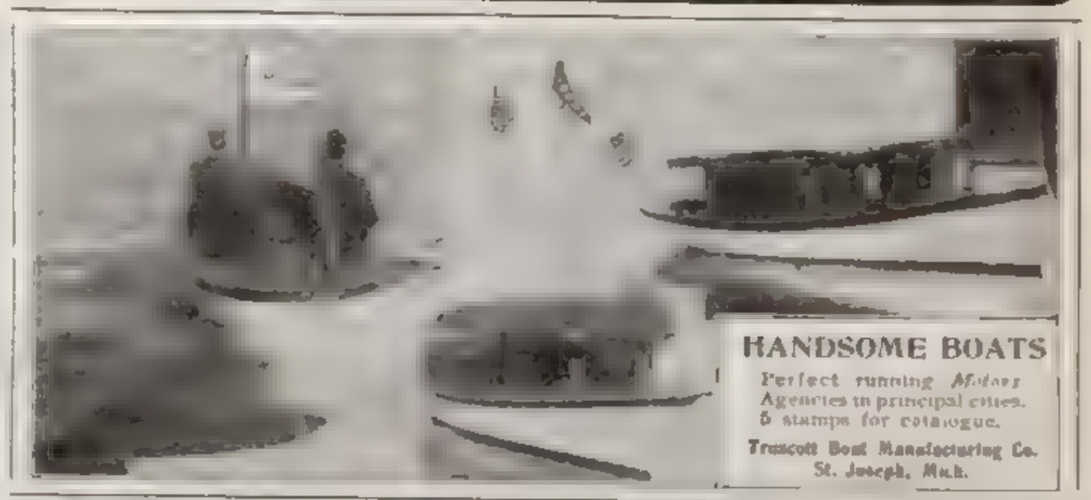
To those who take my Course of Instruction in Advertising Writing and Management

This Building [illegible]

Robert Bonner, [illegible] most extensive and complete plant with most universal equipment in America. Five floors are occupied by [illegible] ... and newspaper and mail ... The advertising school is one [illegible] benefit of the special skill and knowledge in every department of the entire business.

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES

50 Spruce Street, New York



HANDSOME BOATS

Perfect running *Motors*
Agencies in principal cities.
5 stamps for catalogue.

Truscott Boat Manufacturing Co.
St. Joseph, Mich.

SHIPPED ON APPROVAL

[illegible] ship any bicycle [illegible] and if not satisfied in every way after using it 10 days return it at our expense and you will not be out a cent.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL before you buy

NEW 1903 MODELS

"Bellias,"	Complete	**$8.75**
"Cossack,"	Guaranteed High Grade	**$10.75**
"Siberian,"	Absolutely Reliable	**$13.75**
"Newport."	Rear Hub Coaster Brake	**$14.75**

no better high grade bicycle at any price. Also other makes, lower grades. Choice of any standard tires, best equipment on all our high grades, sent guaranteed. **Rider Agents Wanted** in every town to ride sample wheel at special price and take orders for our unequaled bicycles. Large money making proposition. **500 Good 2nd Hand Wheels $3 to $8**

Do not buy a bicycle until you have written for our free catalog with large photographic engravings and full description.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. 64 G CHICAGO

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.00

Sizes and Prices	
9 by 6 ft.	$3.00
9 by 7½ ft.	3.50
9 by 9 ft.	[illegible]
9 by 10½ ft.	4.50
9 by 12 ft.	5.00

[illegible] through and through. [illegible] like. All sizes and designs [illegible] proportionately low prices.

Your money back if you want it. Catalogue free for the asking.

Oriental Importing Co., 6316, Bourse Building, Philadelphia

GUYOT SUSPENDERS

Support without restraint. [illegible]

If not at your dealer's send 50 cents for sample pair

GUTHEIMER BROS., 631 Broadway, New York City

violation of law. In some States the reverse is true. In Arizona, for example, it is a punishable offense to sell doves that have been killed, but it is perfectly lawful to kill them—a curious piece of legislation

Added to all this confusion is the utter diversity in the dates and extent of open seasons. The work, therefore, of the United States deputy marshals, whose business it is to seize unlawful interstate shipments of birds, is one requiring circumspection and the widest knowledge of game laws Wherever practicable, the State warden is selected for the Federal position as well, frequently with very effective results. Evasions of the law are ingenious, and the Federal inspectors must be vigilant and shrewd. At a Mississippi River point, recently, a deputy marshal who had made a seizure of a large box of birds killed out of season was confronted by a very prominent and positive attorney. Strong language was used and both men got excited. The lawyer's advantage lay in his ready citation of confusing statutes. Dazed but not defeated the Federal official reached for his pistol pocket.

"Hold up," exclaimed the distinguished attorney, "I'll surrender the birds and waive the case rather than have you resort to force

"That ain't a gun," said the deputy marshal, as he pushed the attorney away and produced a book volume from his pocket

"is worse than a firearm. It's Palmer's compilation of the game laws of the whole country If I can't prove my case from this book, you eat the birds If I can't I confiscate them."

Appeal to the law calmed the attorney. The marshal, after elaborate search, was found to be in the right and the birds were sold at auction and the money turned into the State treasury. The United States Supreme Court holds that birds are the property of the commonwealth, so that the confiscation of birds illegally shot is merely the seizure of objects which at no time belonged to the ostensible owner

Game and Plume Birds

It was learned not long ago that some one was shipping plume birds from a Gulf State in violation of Federal law. Investigation developed that the chief offender was a prominent citizen—in fact the clerk of the court before which his case would have to be tried. When he learned that an indictment had been issued against him by the Grand Jury he confessed, paid all fines and costs and resigned. Later an official was sent along the coast to see if any one else had taken up the illegal work A fisherman was questioned

"Any good gull shooting here, you say? No, sir. Plenty of gulls, but no shooting,' he replied. "You see, some of them Washington officials discovered a law protectin' the birds and threatened to make it hot for any one found killin' 'em. Since then there ain't been nothin' doin' in the gull line, I can tell ye."

The authorities have learned that it is a common practice in many parts of the United States for dealers in game birds to send agents into the country where quail are abundant to engage in clandestine trapping The men are dressed to look like farm hands. The lining of their coats, however, is provided with capacious pockets. They all carry a patent net. This is set for quail and baited with wheat. When the birds hop into the net for the food, the operator, concealed in adjacent bushes, pulls a string which closes the mouth of the contrivance. He thereupon wrings the necks of his covey, walks to another spot and repeats the performance Toward evening, with his day's catch stuffed inside his big coat, he makes for the nearest town, where he purchases small paper bags in which he wraps his quail. He next gets a soap or candle box, or some similar receptacle, and ships the game to his firm, ostensibly engaged in general merchandise trade. Great quantities of quail have been gathered in this way during the season just [illegible] the authorities are watching the system narrowly. A number of seizures have been made, but thus far the field men have evaded capture. They are careful to omit any markings that would point to identification by the officials, a simple number or cabalistic sign affording the dealers the knowledge of the particular agent who consigned the birds, but offering no clue to the game wardens. In these cases it has not [illegible] so far to find the [illegible] responsible. They simply state that they [illegible] the arrest of the [illegible] and [illegible] business [illegible] with [illegible]

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We will [illegible] you this $100 Home [illegible] and bring [illegible] our Mail [illegible] Shorthand [illegible] of a perfect [illegible] and [illegible] a position [illegible] Write [illegible] Chicago

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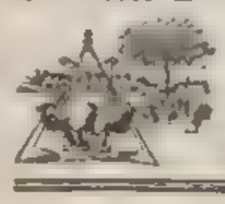

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The result of the work on the part of Doctor Palmer and his assistants is stimulating the entire country to protect all kinds of bird life. Congress has been impressed, and although it was understood at the beginning of the recent session that there was to be no alteration of the tariff, Secretary Wilson submitted a request to have the eggs of game birds intended for propagation placed on the free list, and it is now possible to secure permits to bring to this country eggs of the *Galliuæ* (wild turkeys, grouse, capercailzie, pheasants, partridge and quail); the *Otidæ* (or bustards); the *rallidæ* (rails and crakes); the *anatidæ* (swans geese and ducks); and the *tinamidæ* (known as tinamous). Permits may be secured in advance of the arrival of the eggs, so as to avoid delay in the customs houses. It is required that applications state the number of each kind of eggs to be imported, the port of entry, and the purpose for which importation is made. The eggs are subject to inspection, and the authorities are empowered to destroy or return at the owner's expense any eggs brought in improperly.

A Concession to Local Opinion

Education in bird protection is now gradually spreading, but progress, until the Government took up the subject, had been slow. For more than one hundred years there was no interstate regulation of the traffic, and in consequence several species of game birds, notably the wood duck and the woodcock, are vanishing, while numberless millions of plume birds have been slaughtered for the milliners. The result is that there has been a steadily decreasing number of snowy herons and other water birds in many localities. Egrets and terns have suffered the most, their extermination having been nearly effected along much of the Southern and Eastern seaboard.

It was the hope of the American ornithologists that absolute protection would be secured for all non-game birds excepting the English sparrow. To that end a law was framed and introduced into the various legislatures in the country. Uniformity, however, could not be secured, and to obtain protection of any kind it was necessary to make many concessions to local opinion.

A few weeks ago, in the legislature of one of the States that since the beginning of 1903 have joined in the national movement for bird protection, a rural statesman arose and uttered an impassioned philippic against the chewink. His crops had suffered grievously and the chewink he believed to be at the bottom of his troubles. He would vote for protection for all other species, but this bird despite the good reputation it enjoyed in the textbooks, was, he declared, an enemy of husbandry. So they compromised on the chewink, and now that little bird for the first time in its career is on the black list.

Nevada has taken a novel step in spreading sentiment in favor of bird protection. Going upon the old adage that every boy is a natural-born student of birds and not conspicuously gentle in his methods of acquiring knowledge, the legislature of that State has passed a law making bird study compulsory in the schools. At least once every month teachers must give instruction on the subject and twice every term must read in full to the children the law protecting birds. Teachers cannot draw their pay unless they have complied with these provisions. Many of the States have set aside one day in the year as Bird Day. Iowa, which seems to be prominent in all national affairs, had pioneers in the new movement for bird protection. In fact, the law which gives the Government authority in regulating bird traffic was introduced by Representative Lacey of that State.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Biological Survey, and Dr. A. K. Fisher, Assistant Chief, have so directed laboratory investigations that their bureau has become of far-reaching economic importance. The demands for some of the bird publications of their department exceed the circulation of the most popular novels. Field and laboratory scientists are sent out to live on farms and there have made and are making painstaking and original investigations into the habits of birds. This work is proving of great value to agriculture.

Recently a lover of birds protested against the number killed for scientific purposes.

"In the National Museum," replied Doctor Fisher, "there are 150,000 stuffed birds. These the Government has been fifty-nine years collecting. Prior to the general movement for the protection of birds it was not an infrequent thing for 150,000 song birds alone to be killed annually in a single county in many parts of the United States."

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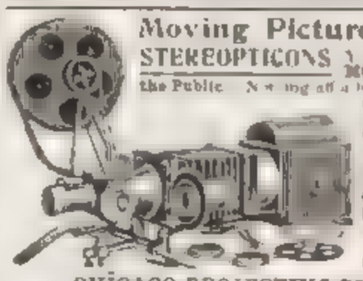

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There are many people who make the humiliating acknowledgment that they are dependent upon Coffee to "brace them up" every little while. These have never learned the truth about Postum Cereal Coffee, which makes leaving off coffee a simple matter and brings health and strength in place of coffee ills. A lady of Davenport, Iowa, who has used Postum Food Coffee for five years, is competent to talk upon the subject. She says:

"I am a school teacher and during extra work when I thought I needed to be braced up I used to indulge in rich, strong coffee, of which I was very fond and upon which I thought I was dependent.

"I began to have serious heart palpitation and at times had sharp pains around the heart and more or less stomach trouble. I read about Postum and got some to try. I dropped coffee, took up the Postum and it worked such wonders for me that many of my friends took it up.

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"My father, 78 years old, is a Postum enthusiast and feels that his good health in a large measure is due to the 6 cups of good Postum which he enjoys each day." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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The Reading Table

"SHE was the saddest woman I ever knew," said Dr. Conyers Herring, running his fingers through his gray hair. We had breakfasted together and were burning our cigars in his study.

The first time I saw her was in her studio in the Impasse du Maine. I don't know how it is but almost every American artist has lived, sometime or other, in the Impasse du Maine. Ah! what stories those old red barracks could tell—stories of success and failure and worse than failure. The Impasse du Maine and No. 9 Rue des Fourneaux—they both have stories to tell. When I first came to Paris, years ago, a great deal of my practice was among the American art students and the American artists over in the Latin Quarter, so you need not wonder that I know these studios so well. It was over a year ago that this sad woman sent for me to come and see her in her studio in the Impasse du Maine. I knew the name well. Mrs. X——'s. I am a Georgia man, myself. Her little daughter, Susan, was ill. It was nothing much, and in a few days the child was on her feet. But Mrs. X—— told me a great deal about herself. Her husband was in the telegraphic service in China. The baby was so young that she had not gone out with him. When she was left alone, there in the little Georgia home, she felt that she, too, should do something to 'help'—that is always the woman's word, 'help.'"

"I have heard it over in the Quarter," said I.

"Yes," Dr. Conyers Herring went on, "we have all heard it in the Quarter. But about Ida X——. Some fool had seen her water colors, her schoolgirl landscapes, and told her she was an artist. That was enough; she came to Paris. She brought the baby, of course, and an old negro woman, who had been her nurse. She entered one of the schools and the amiable professors predicted a grand future for her. And she studied and worked, worked. The negro nurse got homesick and left her, the baby fell ill—that was when I first met her.

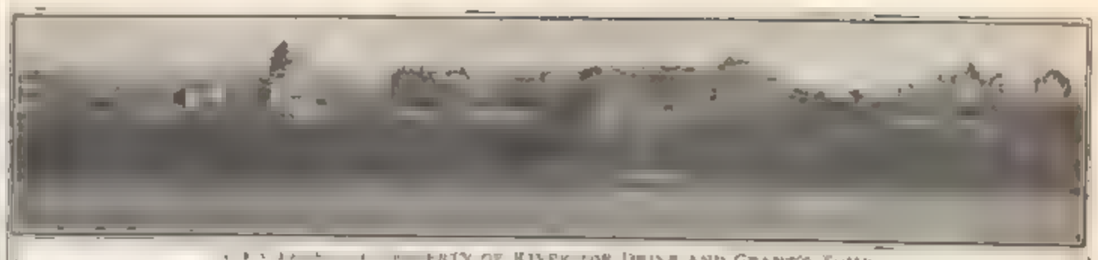
"Her husband over in China sent her hopeful letters and money. Her professors praised her. She felt that she had outgrown the Latin Quarter and, so, she moved to the fashionable part of Paris and took an apartment somewhere in the Rue de Courcelles. She gave receptions and painted, always hopefully. Her tea was good," said the Doctor shaking his head, "but her pictures were quite impossible.

"Then war broke out in China," he continued, "and no letters came from her husband out there. She did not know if he were living or dead. So she went to China.

Dr. Conyers Herring lit a fresh cigar and, as he smoked, I recalled the circumstances of Mrs. X——'s departure for the East. It was impossible that she should take the little girl with her, for Susan was only a trifle over twelve months old. She took the little one to Maurevert, in the Seine-et Marne, and left her with an honest, kind peasant woman, Madeleine Gouillot by name. She paid three months' board in advance. Then she locked the door of her apartment in the Rue de Courcelles, left the keys with the *concierge* and went away. She sailed from Marseilles in the steamer bound for Yeddo; it was, if not the quickest, the cheapest route. Three months went by, six months. The old peasant woman in Maurevert had no news of the mother. She wrote to the house in the Rue de Courcelles and got no answer. She could not afford to keep the little child, for life is hard for the peasantry of France. With the little money she had she brought the child to Paris. At the house in the Rue de Courcelles she learned strange things.

The Japanese packet-boat on which Mrs. Carmilly sailed from Yokohama, bound for a Chinese port, was wrecked and she was one of the three passengers drowned.

The old nurse did not know what to do. She was too poor to keep the little girl and she went to ask the advice of Monsieur Michaut, Police Commissioner for the



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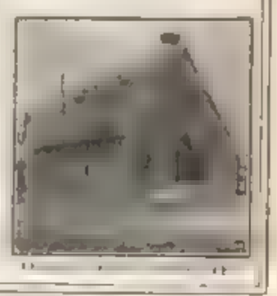

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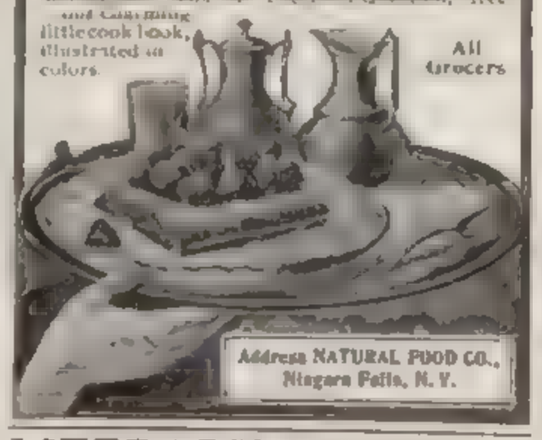

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You'll save money on every purchase made from this catalogue. We will mail a copy free if you write for it.

Pardridge & Blackwell

Woodward and Michigan Detroit, Mich.

Quarter of the Plaine-Monceau. And it was upon his advice that she sent the child to the Foundlings' Home. The little one is there to-day. She has been entered under the name of "Suzanne X——."

Some day, out of that confusion of yellow massacre and white loot that is known as China the father may come back to look for his little girl. She is not lost to him; she is only waiting. If he does not come—but it is better not to think of the future life of that baby foundling.

"The wretched story," said the Doctor angrily; "it makes me sick at heart to think of it—art, art, what has a woman with a baby to do with paint and canvas. She has already produced her masterpiece. But there is nothing to be done about it—there never is anything to be done about it. Come, let us get out into the air.'

So he tucked me into his automobile and spun me homeward through the Champs-Elysées, and as we spun we talked of other things, but both of us I fear thought of the small Suzanne and the life that is in front of her.

Perhaps, after all, Mr. Gladstone was right when he said on a famous occasion: "Art is not worth while." —*Vance Thompson*

Secretary Root to Governor Taft

A FEW weeks ago a cablegram was received at the War Department from Governor Taft at Manila stating that he was not feeling well and that he was preparing to start for Benguet, a resort in the great Caraballo chain of mountains. A few days later a reassuring message was received at Washington announcing that the Governor of the Philippines was very much improved. Soon after a personal cablegram came for Secretary Root, between whom and the Governor there is the warmest friendship and admiration. It was as follows:

"Rode two thousand feet up a mountain in Luzon to-day on horseback. Feeling fine.

The mountains of Luzon are steep, the sun is hot, the horses are small, and the Governor of the Philippines is a man of huge physique, weighing two hundred and seventy-five pounds. Secretary Root upon reading the message wrote and sent the following cablegram:

"Governor Taft,
"Benguet, P. I.
"How's the horse?

"ROOT."

MAY

By George Horton

It is springtime again and the hollows
Are lush with the undulate wheat;
There is life in the leap of the swallows
And the smell of the plowing is sweet;
Love is learning to walk and he follows
Queen May, or she steadies his feet.

You may know when the fair couple passes
By the blossoms that spring on the plain,
By the cowslips that gild the morasses
And the poppies that burn in the grain—
And the hearts of the lads and the lasses
Are faint with a strange, sudden pain!

You may know by the buds that are riven
Till the world is an orchard in bloom,
And the wind-beaten petals are driven
Abroad with the subtle perfume,
That each year for a thousand has striven
To conjure dead Youth from its tomb.

To-day as I walked in the yellow
Sweet rain that the locust tree flings,
I heard far above me the mellow
And infinite murmur of wings:
'Twas the bees with their violoncello
And their harp of a thousand strings!

May is counting her new dandelions
And has rented the earth for a while;
The crocus and wandering scions
Of Arbutus her laughter beguile,
She weeps and a million Orions
Are ablaze in the light of her smile!

Next month is the season to marry,
As any sweet country girl knows,
And May, the benevolent fairy,
Is bringing full many a rose—
Till the temple is fit she will tarry,
And will give June the keys when she goes

SAVAGE RIFLES

To select a fire-arm at haphazard may spoil the pleasure of your hunt. Certain rifle loads are designed purely for a given purpose, and a particular cartridge that is excellent for target work may be useless as a hunting load.

Savage Hammerless Rifles

are made in all the desirable standard sizes and will give the hardest sort of accurate service. Write us—we may be of assistance in your selection.

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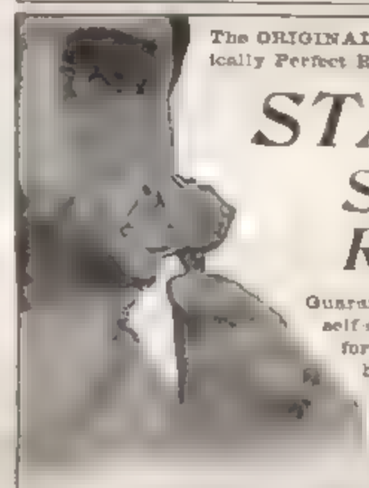
San Francisco and Sacramento, Cal.



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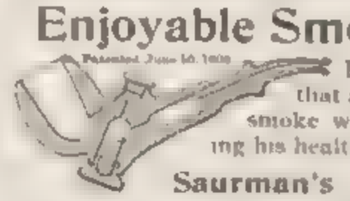

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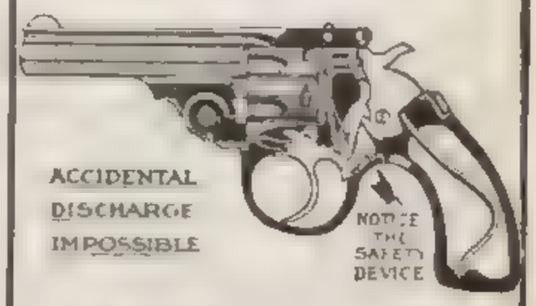

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Removes all odor of perspiration.

Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original) Sample Box. Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

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It is double the ordinary bank rate of interest. Most shrewd investors are glad to get 5 per cent. and know that their money is safe. We are offering for public subscription a stock bearing 7 per cent. interest per annum, and an investment as reliable, we believe, as any bank in the country.

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Magnolia Anti Friction Metal is famous the world over, and is used as a lining for machinery bearings of all kinds. Leading manufacturers in all parts of the country have stated over their signatures, that Magnolia Metal is far superior to higher-priced babbitts

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The Young Woman in Business

By Mrs. George Benedict Carpenter

THE typical, and perhaps the average, young woman of wealth is a delicately nourished creature whose life is sheltered and brightened by the luxuries which go with wealth and by the devotion of admiring friends and relatives. Yet, no matter how secure her social position, she can never be quite sure that the day will not come when she will be called upon suddenly to face the problem of self-support, to plunge into the great world struggle for livelihood, to change her society gown for the harsh and irksome harness of business responsibility

Nothing could be said from a purely theoretical standpoint which would serve to give practical help to a woman brought suddenly to confront so startling a change in every environment of her life. It is because I have actually passed through such a change that I have been asked to write of this possibility which hangs over the life of every woman in society. The fact that conclusions and advice in this line, to be of the slightest practical value, must be drawn from personal experience, will obviate any apology for the personal note which must necessarily appear in dealing with this subject. No young woman could possibly enter the struggle of business life with a more complete lack of training for its responsibilities than that which I possessed when the sudden and untimely death of my husband left me to grapple with the problem of supporting a family of young children and carrying forward the large enterprise in which he had staked years of work and all his hopes of success

A girlhood spent in a home of wealth and refinement, the unstinted devotion of family and friends, and a secure place in the best society of a large city formed an environment [illegible] to prepare me for serious responsibilities of any kind. Up to the time of my marriage I was unfamiliar with the use of the needle and work was an unknown field of activity. This is sufficient to indicate my unpreparedness for business life—unless it be added that my new home was supplied with almost the same comforts and luxuries with which I had been surrounded since childhood. Suddenly, almost in a day, the support of that home was stricken by death, and the task of adequate provision for my children fell upon my own shoulders

The Question of Good to be Gained

Recalling the impression which that outlook made upon my mind and which the experiences of subsequent months and years confirmed, I cannot express the slightest sympathy with the sentiment that the stroke of destiny which compels a woman of society to go into business life is a blessing in disguise. Some argue that it would be commendable for the society woman of wealth and standing voluntarily to engage in the grind of business affairs for the sake of the discipline which such contact with the stern realities of life would bring. This seems to me little short of sheer nonsense. From a business experience of about twelve years I can say that any woman who leaves the wholesome pleasures of a good home for the battle of business is to be sincerely commiserated. Such a change may be in the line of "inscrutable providence," but to all human appearances it is a calamity to be endured with fortitude

On one point, however, the woman who is compelled to leave the drawing room and the home need have no fears. If her social position has been reasonably secure it will not be affected by the change in her financial circumstances and the necessity of giving to business the energy and attention which she formerly devoted to receptions, balls and the whole round of social duties. Of this I have had the most substantial proof. Although compelled suddenly to relinquish almost every active social relationship and throw all my energies into the enterprise with which I found myself identified, I did not thereby lose a single invitation or greeting. Not a person, from the nearest friend to the most formal of society acquaintances, altered his or her attitude toward me in the slightest by reason of the change which came into my mode of life. This applies to every period

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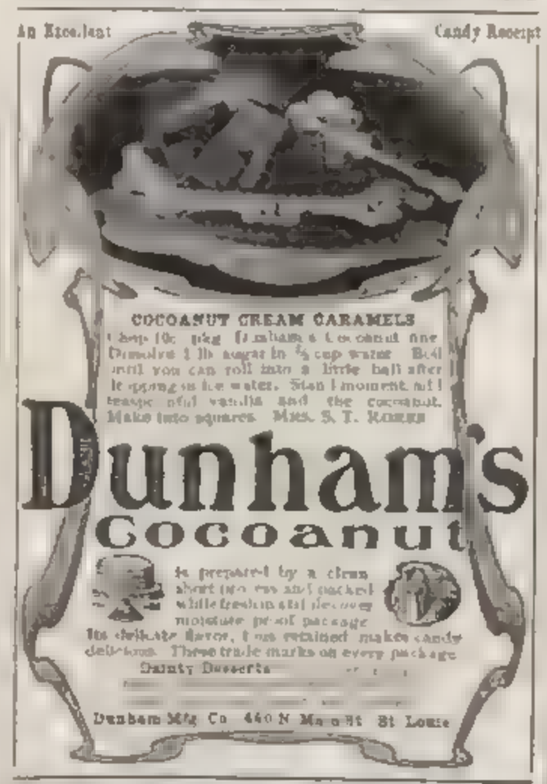
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of my business career from the first day when I shouldered a somewhat undefined but no less onerous responsibility to the hour when I put aside the world of affairs to devote myself exclusively to my home interests

This is not to be accounted for on the basis that social lines are alleged to be less severely drawn in Chicago than in Eastern cities, or that there is here a broader democracy in what are termed the "higher circles" than elsewhere Without attempting to discuss the invidious question as to whether the West is less discriminating than the East in its social standards, I am thoroughly convinced that the sentiment which makes social position secure beyond the fluctuations of personal fortune is broadly American and as characteristic of the Atlantic seaboard as of the old South or the new West. The history of one New York family will illustrate and enforce this view of the matter better than paragraphs of argument. Every detail of this plucky struggle against adverse fortune is as familiar to me as if it had taken place in my own home

Facing the World with Bravery

The father of four daughters who had been reared in luxury and belonged to a finely exclusive social set suddenly lost his entire fortune—a very large one—and then passed away. Only one of these young women had married. The others—Elizabeth, Julia and Agnes—found themselves confronted with the problem of self support. In the rare judgment and common-sense with which they mastered it are to be found a score of intensely practical lessons for those in somewhat similar situations. They also furnish conclusive proof that the society ethics and usages of New York do not call upon a woman to sacrifice her social position as a penalty for entering the lists of self-supporting women any more than do those of Chicago. All three of these young women had lived the typical society life of the more refined and cultivated kind. Their "set" was by no means the most brilliant or dashing in the city, but it was certainly exclusive intellectual and artistic to a marked degree and not lacking in gayety. The life of these young women had been full of pleasure, and they had many friends to whom they were devoted. To give all these up seemed impossible, and they determined not to do so unless it became plain that this was an inevitable result of the sad change in their circumstances

At the first hint of misfortune all of the young women began to practise economies to which they had been strangers from girlhood. The fine old city mansion was relinquished for a neat little home in one of the suburbs; Julia trimmed the season's hats for the trio, and Agnes, the youngest, announced that she would take the responsibilities of mistress of the home and do all the work herself, provided she were allowed to run the establishment absolutely as she pleased. This stipulation was readily agreed to—but from whence were the "sinews of war" to come? Agnes could not maintain a house without at least a little money, and the slender residue of pin money which still remained in their possession was fast dwindling. Something must be done, and done quickly! While the plucky trio struggled with this problem, its solution came in apparently an accidental way. The home-trimmed hats caught the fancy of a very fastidious friend who asked the name of the milliner who had designed them. Blushingly Julia told her secret. The friend at once pressed the young designer to take a commission. This was delightedly accepted and fulfilled with such cleverness and good taste that the "creation" was a phenomenal success Immediately other commissions came to the astonished Julia and the parlor of the little home was soon converted into a busy shop At the start the patrons fixed the prices, and insisted upon paying what the hats would have cost them at the shops of the best milliners

The Artist Who Designed Fine Waists

Elizabeth, the eldest sister, had attended art schools from childhood and considered painting to be her special forte. Her artistic sense was well developed. Of course her first thought, when the calamity came upon the family, was that she would turn her art to serious purpose and enter the lists of "real painters" dependent upon the brush for support. But she saw that the little milliner had her hands more than full and generously volunteered to "help out in the rush."

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$22.90 For our "Diamond Special" Road Wagon. Solid [illegible] seat sides; Pegamoid leather trimming [illegible] carpet; boot and shafts Over 50 other featuring Marvels

33.90 For No. 1 "Big 4" Buggy. Leather quarter top; solid panel back, best quality elliptic springs; green cloth trimmings; all hickory wheels; springs in cushion and back; side curtains; boot; storm apron, wrench, shafts and anti-rattlers

35.75 For our "Leader" 3-Spring Wagon. 1 1-16 axles; double reache well ironed; iron hub, all hickory wheels; spring cushions, Pegamoid leather trimming, nicely finished A mighty good wagon at a mighty low price

38.50 The Young Man's Fancy Buggy. A general favorite. The price is less than your dealer pays for such inferior lots Long distance axles; selected hickory wheels; genuine caliber quarter top, trimmed in fancy velour [illegible] panel of body painted a dark maroon. A beautiful job in every way

42.50 For our "Brown Beauty" Buggy. One of the choicest in the line. Brown panel back body; brown cloth trimming, brown head lining, [illegible] gear; [illegible] axle; new style upholstering [illegible] rig at a low price.

44.90 For our "New Thoreaward" Buggy. More of this style sold than any other [illegible] axles; Raney loops, all wool cloth [illegible] gant finish. You could not duplicate it from your dealer for $64.00

46.50 For our "Lakeside" Triple-Service Surrey. A [illegible] roomy, full panel back, spring cushioned surrey which can be used also as an open [illegible] one seat wagon with room behind for trunks, etc All for the price of a buggy elsewhere.

69.85 For our "Peerless" Buggy. The pride of our factory. Has all the essential features of the very highest grade work Usually sells for $85.00 more than price quoted You will be proud of it anywhere.

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Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint

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Guaranteed to wear for five years.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO., General Distributers. Send for Book of Information, Knowledge and Advice (free) to

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Write for the new edition of this famous guide to making frozen dainties [illegible]

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WHITE MOUNTAIN Freezer

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The "Margate"

All French Calf Oxford. Military heel. Custom made.

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There is a "Florsheim" shoe for every kind of foot.

No matter how odd or rare your foot may be—there is a shoe to fit it perfectly. Among the foot form shapes of the "Florsheim" make

Some shoes keep you thinking about your feet. The "Florsheim" shoe helps you to forget you even have feet

No custom shoemaker can make a shoe that will fit better—or wear better—or give better all around satisfaction than the "Florsheim" Shoe—he could charge you $8 to $12

Most styles sell for $5.00. "Florsheim" woven in the strap, or stamped in the sole.

1903 Booklet Free

"The Florsheim Way of Foot-Fitting

Florsheim & Company

Chicago, U. S. A.

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

MAY SHOWERS

Bathe your face every morning in fresh May rain water and use the justly celebrated

LABLACHE

Face Powder and you will insure the most lovely complexion. LABLACHE removes a ... to be an exquisite luxury. ... in Tints. 50c. a box. None other as good

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A fine specimen of intelligent fence architecture—pure in design, strong as Gibraltar, good for a lifetime of first-class service. Double galvanized steel wire throughout, rigidly braced. Our park, lawn and cemetery fences have won unparalleled success. Catalog showing styles, 10 to 50c. a ft. Free.

DWIGGINS WIRE FENCE CO.

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WESTERN EMPIRE, 50 Times Building, Los Angeles.

Soon she announced to her astonished sisters that she would much rather be a real artist in the line of hats and waists than a would-be painter in a studio; consequently she proposed to go into the business of designing and making bodices. The business quickly outgrew the home and the young women rented a modest shop in a portion of the city convenient for their patrons. Scores of fashionable friends at once brought not only their orders but their friends. Steadily the little shop grew and prospered until it is now an establishment the name of which carries weight and authority in fashionable circles in New York.

But how about the social life of these courageous young women? Herein is the main point in my story! It was seldom that more than one of the trio could be spared at one time to make a round of calls; but the one who did go took the cards of the others and saw that their entire calling list was punctiliously remembered. Not a social debt was left unpaid.

Before the finances of this household of self-supporting society girls reached a condition which warranted the keeping of a servant, they did not deem it necessary entirely to give up the entertainment of their friends Some of the most delightful teas and dinners I have ever attended were not only prepared but also served by Agnes, the youngest of the three sisters. She wore a fresh piqué dress with round neck and elbow sleeves—quite the appropriate costume in which to discharge her matronly duties—and looked as bewitching as her more elaborately gowned sisters And not one of their old friends deserted them because the two older sisters had gone into business or because the youngest had done the domestic work for the household.

Advantages of Practical Business

There are three or four very significant and practical lessons to be learned from the experience of these young women. One is that it is far better for a woman to go into a business, no matter how plain and unesthetic, than attempt to make a place in an artistic profession unless she be so phenomenally gifted as to be an unmistakable genius

The eldest daughter might have made a scant living at painting, but she would now be the first to insist that she could not possibly have achieved the financial success which has rewarded her efforts as a designer and maker of hats and bodices. In all the artistic pursuits—the stage, concert, lecture and entertainment work, portrait and landscape painting and illustrating—competition is so strong and exacting, and the rarest natural gifts must be strengthened by severe and comprehensive a technical training, that it is almost hopeless for a young woman who has been trained only for social life and its enjoyments to enter the race

As to the influence, upon the character and bearing of a young woman, of the environments of a business life as compared with those which surround a public artist—an actress, for example—I do not hesitate to say that she has a far better chance to preserve her delicate womanliness "unspotted from the world" in almost any commercial pursuit than in a public artistic career. This does not imply that she need sacrifice her femininity if she goes on the stage or on the entertainment platform. It must be admitted, however, that the atmosphere of a business office of almost any kind is more wholesome, more normal, and less infected by the poison of flattery than is the stage or the platform And the chances of success in most branches of business are, on the average, much better than those in a highly esthetic profession

Before losing sight of this family of New York society girls let me emphasize a point already slightly touched upon. In discussing their business career in a confidential chat one of these young women said:

"My friends have often asked me if, in view of the success achieved and the knowledge of the world gained in the struggle, I am not glad that we were compelled to go into business. From the bottom of my heart I answer them 'No!'"

This will be the verdict of every woman who has known the joys of a good home and a circle of pleasant friends, but has been forced by circumstance to join the army of earners. No woman whose experience covers both sides of this problem and who speaks frankly will hesitate to deplore the necessity which sends any woman, young or old, into the struggle for a livelihood.

I have said that no woman could have less training available for use in business than I had when called upon to enter the lists. Perhaps this statement should be qualified, as

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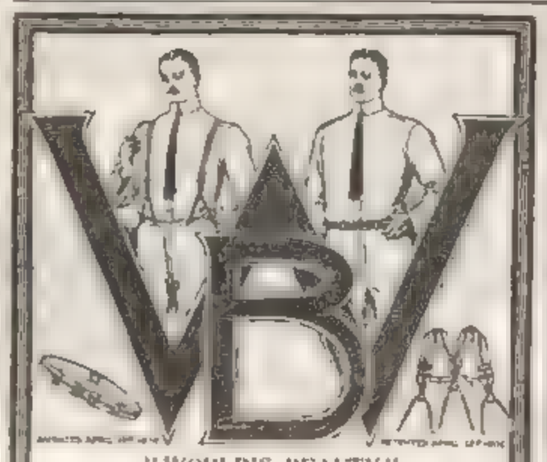

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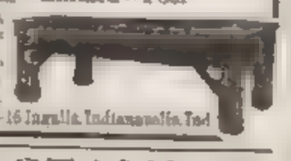

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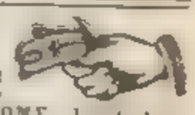

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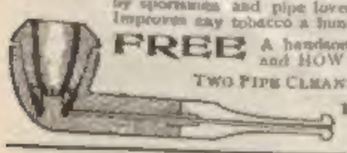

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that faculty most cultivated in my experience in society was the one which stood me in greatest stead in business affairs. More than all else, society life cultivates tact, and this was the weapon which I found in my hands at the outset of my business career and with which I fought my way. At the beginning I was fearful that I should not be able to meet business men in the manner in which they were accustomed to being met by men, and that this would give them cause to be dissatisfied.

So greatly did this trouble me that I determined to seek the counsel of a business man in whose judgment I had the utmost confidence. I knew that my work must stand upon results alone and I could afford to make no mistake. As a family friend, the late Mr. George M. Pullman advised me and said: "By all means go into the undertaking. Tact and good common-sense are fundamental elements in business success. When these dictate a course and the manner in which it is to be followed, it will make no difference if it is not quite the regular masculine way of procedure. It will win just the same."

A Woman's Way is as Good as a Man's

Very soon I was able to prove the soundness of this observation, for I found that I had a woman's way of dealing with problems and that this was accepted in the business world quite as readily as the masculine way—far more readily than a feminine imitation of a man's manner of handling business affairs would be. In order to give a clear idea of the general principles of procedure which I worked out, a personal statement is not to be avoided. The interests which I was called upon to administer were very complex and often conflicting. I succeeded my husband as agent and manager of the Central Music Hall Building and also as lessee of its auditorium, then the largest of its class in Chicago.

He had organized this enterprise and the building was completed less than one year before his death.

Big problems soon ceased to terrify me. I met with opposition, within and without the combination of capitalists owning the building, but had the satisfaction of paying the shareholders an annual dividend ranging from twenty to twenty-four per cent. on the original stock of the corporation. Movements to displace me in order to give the position to some man who exerted strong influence occasionally came to my attention, and they simply aroused my energies and gave zest to a game of honorable diplomacy. On the other hand, however, I was never able to shake off the unpleasant realization of the fact that I was compelled to learn the business from an employee. The secretary who had faithfully and efficiently served my husband from the very inception of the enterprise naturally had all the details of the business at her fingers' ends. In view of this fact I was keenly conscious that whatever might be the success of my venture it would always be clouded by the realization that I had not personally laid its foundations, and organized and developed it. This was decidedly a woman's way of looking at the matter. A man might say that such thoughts were wholly uncalled for and that I gave myself needless trouble on that score. Certain it is, however, that this one thing was a greater trial to me than all the big problems which I had to confront during my service in the capacity named.

In other particulars, too, I was brought to the conclusion that the feminine tendency is to think more about small details than big, broad problems, and in general to allow the little things to cause far more anxiety than the large ones.

During this time I carefully maintained my social relationships. Although able to give no time to calling in the daytime, I looked after my calling list with strict attention and maintained it intact. Some two or three times a year I entertained my friends in my home.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on The Young Woman in Business. The second and concluding paper will appear next week.

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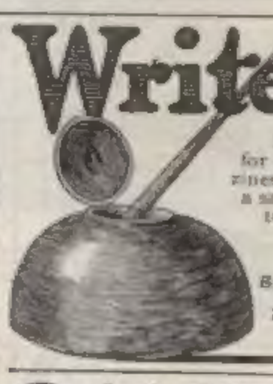

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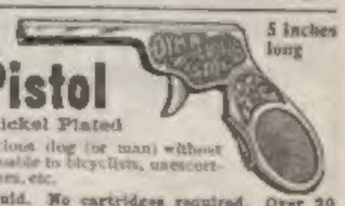

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Our American Snobs

(Continued from Page 7)

leader and society favorite must have a big social pull. So she gave a dinner expressly in his honor, and, at my advice, he went there with some toy walking bugs and mice in his pockets and set them going on the table just as they were finishing the dessert. The papers gave him a lot of space on it—thanks to my exertions—and Mrs. Titepurse, who of course got her name in as the hostess (we published her picture as well), was perfectly delighted and felt that she was really getting along. Timpson saw his chance, too, and the next thing I knew he came running to me with a new photograph of Kitty Titepurse—we were well stocked with his own—and told me he was engaged to her. Now, I wonder what he'll do for me, that made him."

"How much space do you expect to give to this affair to-morrow?" I inquired as we sat chatting together in the lobby, for like an experienced general the city editor would not leave the field until the dispersing crowds should tell him that the siege was over and he might withdraw his forces.

"How much space?" he repeated musingly. "Let me see. Swallowtail will do a couple of columns, and your friend, Mrs. Foxglove—a bright little woman that, by the way—as many more from her point of view. Then of course we'll have a list of everybody there and their clothes. Swallowtail and Foxglove will do that between them with the help of the men we've got outside in the street, and that'll make three columns more. A column and a half for the reception and as much more for the presents, and a couple of columns about the Titepurses and young Timpson, together with the photographs, will about let us out. Of course we'll have pictures of the bride and bridegroom and old Titepurse and the house where he was born up in the backwoods and the house he's given to his daughter and the church she's married in. I 'spose the whole thing'll make nearly three pages in all. And the funny part of it all is that to-morrow morning a lot of the real blue bloods of the town will lay down their papers, looking half scared, and say, 'Who in the world are those people?'"

On the Sunday after the wedding I met Mrs. Foxglove as she was going out to church—she's as devout a little soul as ever lived—and we walked down the street together; by no means a bad-looking couple nor one marked by any absurd disparity of age.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am to you," she said seriously. "I'm making more money on the Planet than I ever did anywhere before, and I'm learning ever so much about the newspaper business. Another thing that I've learned, too, is that there are more good, sweet-minded, womanly women in New York society than I ever had any idea of. Oh, you needn't laugh; that Mrs. Fenwick-Bertram that you said such mean things about asked me to stop to lunch with her the minute I told her I was on the Planet, and gave me a beautiful photograph of herself which she said I could print in the paper if I wanted to, and the next time they have a party she's going to give me a full list of the names, though she's always tried to avoid publicity. I'm sure she does it just to help a young Southern woman who is trying hard to make her living."

We parted at the corner and I went my way wondering whether my efforts in behalf of this misguided woman were to be in vain.

A Long Sitting

SENATOR MCCREARY, of Kentucky, was a member of the House of Representatives for a long time, retiring in 1894 to return to Washington as a member of the Senate on March 4 last. A few days before he was sworn in he went into the room of the Senate Committee on Appropriations.

"It was eighteen years to a day from the time I first went into that room," said the Senator, in speaking of the incident. "When I made my first visit there were four men in the room—Senators Allison, of Iowa; Cockrell, of Missouri; Teller, of Colorado, and Hale, of Maine. This time, eighteen years later, the same four sat in the room, in almost identically the same places they occupied when I first saw them, and they looked as if they had been sitting there doing the nation's business all that time."

American Success Abroad

EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEF.

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Translation of above:

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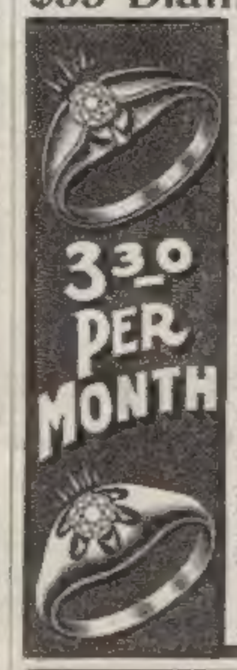

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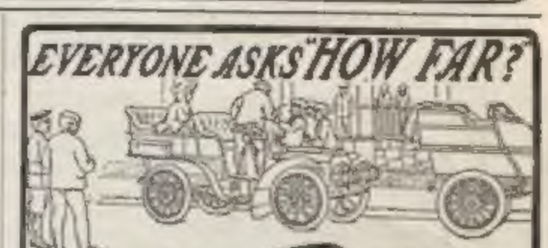

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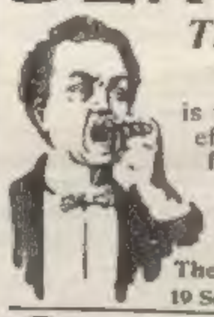

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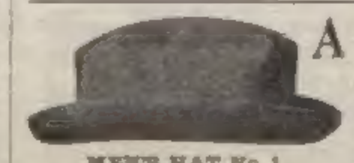

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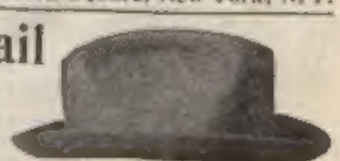

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